National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

MORALS IN AMERICA.

[On Sunday, July 3d, the Rev. CHARLES G. AMES, Minister of the Unitarian Church in Albany, preached a discourse, which has been printed in pamphlet form, in compliance with a request made by leading members of his congregation. It bears the title: "*Dead Flies in Precious Ointment: A Discourse on Morals in America.*" Taking for his text the declaration of Solomon, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," Mr. Ames, in a spirit that befits a religious teacher in times like the present, and with an earnestness born of deep convictions, seeks to impress upon the minds of his countrymen the great truth, that Pure Morality is essential to National Prosperity, and that the way of Sin is the way of Ruin. Our readers will thank us for the following extracts:]

To judge wisely of the nation's moral standing, we must consider the question, *How do we regard Man?* What principles control our personal, social and public conduct? A complete answer would require an extensive study of domestic and social life in America; of our business—its spirit, maxims and methods; of our politics—the aims and principles of parties, the means they use, and the qualities which render public men popular or unpopular; and of our general policy, home and foreign—how far it conforms to truth and justice, and how far the people seek to use the machinery of government for righteous ends. Of course, I cannot propose to give even the results of so wide an inquiry; but can only touch on a few representative facts.

The nation was plunged into this terrific ordeal of civil war just as it emerged from the severe trial of a financial crisis, which brought many elements of both evil and good to the surface. For more than three years this mighty strain has been upon us; and the real qualities of our character stand revealed as never before. If we are not so good as we should be, neither are we so bad as we might be. Our record is one of honor mingled with shame. Here is material enough, even in the loyal States, out of which an enemy might compile a damning history of infamy—of baseness, lawlessness, lust, brutality, crowding injustice, knavery, profligacy, greed, slimy corruption, all flagrant vice, and even of treason—going far to prove the theory of total depravity. But is not this the dross, separated and made manifest by the furnace-fire? Whoever will be just, let him tell also of the pure gold, brightening unharmed amid the fierce glow which makes all eye-balls quail. Let him portray the sustained enthusiasm for a principle, the willingness to serve and to suffer, the heroism born of conviction, the unbribed and unbribable rectitude, the brotherly helpfulness, the self-forgetting patriotism, the magnanimous forbearance towards malignant foes, the patient self-possession under exasperations, the generous allowance for civil and military errors which have cost so much blood and treasure, of which these days of mournful glory have shown so many of our countrymen to be capable. Whatever may be the judgment of unfriendly critics, or wholesale accusers, at home or abroad, we who stand in the midst of these stormy scenes, who are living through the time that tries men's souls, who see and feel the weight of temptation and the pressure of the torrent against all the barriers of morality, know well that the virtue which endures to the end of such a trial must be bottomed on the rock of principle.

If, as the ancient allegory suggests, a guilty city may be saved by the redeeming presence of a few righteous men, there is surely good ground of hope for the salvation of a republic whose life is so powerfully leavened with loyalty to the eternal law.

Yet must we rejoice with trembling. It would be a pleasure to speak only good of one's countrymen; but multitudes have no faith in the doctrine of Solomon. Till the nation is pervaded and controlled by a conviction that nothing but righteousness is wise or safe, our statesmanship will be blind, and our prodigious outward progress a gigantic striding toward destruction. Every day men are saying, "It costs too much to keep a conscience." Every day they reverse the Christian doctrine that he is greatest who renders largest service—who *gives* the most: they say, "He is the best fellow who *gets* the most: what is life but a game of grab?" Business, as commonly conducted, is iniquity; for iniquity means in-equity, unfairness—a desire to secure all the advantage on one side. How few consider the rights of the other party as equally sacred with their own! The honest, Christian principle is, that in every transaction there shall be mutual benefit, so that each shall be better off for the exchange. But when our boys are taught that strict honesty is foolish or impossible, is it strange that they take to sharp practice? Emerson says, "Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs." Then, it must be, we are far from civilized.

Employers beat down the laborer's wages to swell their own gains: working-men combine to prevent women from earning honest bread: white men swear that negroes shall have no employment;—as though any alternative were left but to steal or starve! As dogs quarrel for a bone—as swine crowd each other from a trough—so do a base people snarl and push for the best chances, as though the table set by the bountiful Father was not large enough for all! No man is quite a man, till he respects the equal rights of all others.

Till selfish competition gives way to the higher spirit of coöperation, we shall never be a Christian common-wealth; poverty and all the evils of caste will increase; selfish cunning and greedy monopoly will continually cheat the weaker, the less crafty and the more honest, out of a fair chance, crowding them to the wall.

In a republic, based on self-government, citizenship ought to be a school of moral excellence: alas, that with us it should be a school of corruption! The selection of rulers and magistrates was once thought to be a peculiarly religious act; and the framing of laws for the government of men was regarded as a serious and reverent inquiry after the will of God, or the principle of natural right. Did the Declaration of Independence, then, set us free from allegiance to Him in whose universe we live, that we should so flippantly declare that "all is fair in politics"? I want no institutional union of church and state; much less do I wish to see the guidance of affairs in the hands of those good men who only see the world through books, study-windows and religious spectacles: but are we not now suffering untold agonies in consequence of the unnatural divorce of honesty from politics—moral principle from public affairs! The merest allusion to this matter, even in a discourse on the nation's moral condition, will shock the current sense of pulpit propriety—so completely is this wide and important sphere of human action given over, by Church and people, to be managed with no reference to practical righteousness!

So our politics must be called base. We accept base maxims; we adopt base methods; we follow base leaders. How else could the worst men in all the land rally, under their headship, such hosts of our countrymen? Too often, we do not believe political virtue possible. So we lose the benefits of wise counsel and worthy leadership, taking it for granted that "politicians are all alike." If a public officer is wholly faithful, he is not the less distrusted and denounced: men ask, "What hidden, horrible wickedness is this which has such a goodly outside?" Truth is too tame. Fairness, candor, moderate counsels, are at a discount. Falsehood, exaggeration, distortion, caricature, sell well. Partisan presses reek with vindictive personalities and reckless insinuations. The good name of the best citizen is spattered with foul slanders; sycophantic incense is burned under the noses of scoundrels who deserve a felon's fate, but who are useful to the "party."

And there is a morbid craving for evil reports which both encourages their invention and helps their propagation. Circumspice! Any ignorant or malicious writer—any nameless, irresponsible correspondent—can send to press the statement of a homesick soldier, a sore-headed office-seeker, or a rebel sympathizer; and a million men will read, believe, and join in frantic curses against the public authorities!

Many good men stand aloof from the duties of citizenship: it exposes them to unpleasant company and to mean suspicions. Are they such good men, then? If all honest people were so dainty, how long would public affairs be managed with even a semblance of decency? It is said that a republic is like a raft: it does not sink, though your feet are always in the water. But the strongest raft may go hopelessly to pieces in such wild whirlpools and angry rapids as these. America requires that EVERY MAN shall do his duty.

What shall I say of slavery? Of all our sins and shames, none has been so leprous; none has so poisoned our life; not all others together have so much obstructed our path to national glory, or involved us in such dreadful calamities. Itself an unnatural crime, against which the moral sense of all nations revolts, and which Christianity has well nigh rooted out of all other gospel lands, it was nourished to monstrous growth in the South by cotton-growing cupidity; and when it set itself up as the controlling Power, claiming to dictate the destiny of the continent, our fatal love of peace and our desire for the gains of God-forgetting trade, moved us to concessions which did but increased the arrogant demand, and confirmed the growing disloyalty of the slave-made aristocracy to the institutions of liberty, so that a return to the right path was only possible through this bloody wilderness of war. On both sides, therefore, the war was caused by wrong; nor would the North now have need to fight for the restoration of the nation's rightful authority, had not its own complicity invited the virtual overthrow, or fatal transformation, of the government.

Were I speaking now of our present duty—of the right policy to be pursued during this unhappy civil war—I should say, Subordinate the question of slavery and everything else to the work of putting down the rebellion. Follow the path marked out by the President, when he says, "I propose to save the Union, in the shortest way, under the Constitution; by freeing all the slaves, or by freeing a part, or by freeing none, as in my judgment the exigencies of the war may require." While this mighty conflict is on our hands, everything must bend to the necessities of the hour. Every power, ordinary or extraordinary, must be exerted with a single eye to the national safety and the overthrow of this wicked pro-slavery conspiracy. If it become necessary to success, the government may rightfully close, or use for military purposes, every church, school-house and work-shop in the land, compelling every energy and resource of the nation to its service, and suspending, for the time, all the ordinary functions of society. Certainly, then, the question of slavery is justly held, by the Administration as by the common sense of the nation, subordinate to that mightier issue which involves the rights of us all. We strike at this institution, therefore, just as we strike at the rebel army, hoping thereby to prostrate our enemy—hoping also to kill the serpent that laid the evil egg, and thereby make peace secure and lasting. On this basis, patriotic men, of all opinions, can work and fight together to the glorious end.

But my present theme is not the war; it is the moral condition of the country. Having protected myself from misunderstanding, I proceed to speak of slavery as of other moral diseases under whose infection the nation's virtue suffers. Our apologies only sink us deeper in the mire. Do we assert the negro's degraded and inferior condition? So much the meaner appears the bullying tyranny of a more advanced race. Do we say the South alone is responsible? So much the less excusable is our voluntary complicity. Do we attempt to show that slavery is a divine institution? We only display to mankind how inhuman and devilish are our notions of divinity. Do we declare it is a difficult subject to deal with? So much the more earnestly should we have sought for wisdom, instead of taking counsel only of our prejudices. True, slavery can be defended: do you know of any abomination which cannot? "If slavery is not sin, nothing is sin," says our Chief Magistrate; and you would agree with him if you were the victim, even though the master were as much your superior as you claim to be above the negro.

It is a question of right; and such questions compel their own settlement. Even under the present stress, and with many encouragements to do right, we seek to avoid that settlement by unmanly evasions. The public sentiment which supports the war-policy of emancipating and arming the blacks is shame-faced and reluctant. It wants to abolish, but fears to be called "Abolitionist." Certainly, nothing but military necessity could justify Federal interference with local institutions (as men construe the Constitution), but since that necessity exists, why should not a Christian people *rejoice* to right a wrong? Why not rejoice that Providence thus commissions us to open prison-doors and break the fetters of the innocent? Why not rejoice that the war carries liberty to the slaves, just as we rejoice in the social regeneration it promises to the poor whites? Ah! if we rejoice, the grog-shops will taunt us as "negro-lovers," and we can bear anything but that!—it is equivalent to being suspected of "good will to men," or even of sympathy with the Universal Father! We prefer to disgrace ourselves by disclaiming sympathy with our colored countrymen, while we ask them to die in our defence!

"First pure, then peaceable." These hideous blotches of secession and treason are but the surface outbreak of a dire disease. God save the Republic from that quackery of statesmanship which seeks to drive the loathsome virus back into the blood, in order to restore the original *status* of the wretched patient! Peace is the gift of God, not of the Devil: let us beware at whose hands we seek it. No wise counsels come from the evil inspirations of prejudice and hate.

Whether the negro can rise or not, is a question which will settle itself when we cease to keep him down, and when he shall be made secure in the enjoyment of those means of culture and progress which are found very necessary to the elevation of white men. Till then, silence will be a crime. Untimely, foolish and wicked words may be spoken on this as on every other subject; and I cannot justify many things which are said and done by anti-slavery men, any more than I can justify all the acts of our patriot fathers during the revolution. To err is human; and there are wrongs on the right side; but there can be no innocent silence so long as there is a slave. If there has been a fanatical opposition to slavery, so much the more cursed be slavery! for "oppression maketh a wise man mad"; and such madness is better than indifference.

I speak not as a friend of the negro only, but as a friend of MAN—as one of the race, profoundly convinced that justice is good for us all—as a Christian freeman, asking no privileges, and willing to share none, to which I would not welcome all mankind. God give me grace to be despised along with the humblest who share our nature; if despised one must be for acknowledging relationship to the least of all God's children. In truth, there is a thousand fold more need to save the white man from the guilt of being an oppressor, than to save the black man from the wrong of being oppressed. The more we treat him as if he were a brute, the more like brutes do we ourselves become. Thus the pro-slavery spirit of the North has lowered the tone of our whole morality. How could there be any genuine love of the Good, where there was so much hatred and contempt? Righteousness alone exalts; hatred proves itself to be murder. Already has negro hatred cost us half a million lives! Do not tell me all this woe is chargeable to anti-slavery men: liberty is as good as slavery, any day; and all the room in this world must not be claimed for Wrong.

Through the elasticity of the American negro's nature, and the helping Mercy which works everywhere, he stands here on a higher plane than the pagans of his ancestral home; but it is by no good will of ours, and even in spite of our selfish, persistent efforts to prevent it. I recognize and rejoice in the numerous exceptions; and yet cannot retract the charge. To-day, while a hundred black regiments stand willingly in the face of death, magnanimously forgiving and forgetting the wrong we have done them—their hearts throbbing with loyalty to the flag, and with the great hope that all the generations of their children will drink the fullness of that cup of liberty which they can but taste—the very air of these free States shudders with the blasphemous curses of a hundred thousand white freemen, who would willingly reënslave or butcher these black Unionists, in the vain hope to coax the rebel masters back to the hypocritical pretence of allegiance?

"Sin is a reproach to any people." What a stain, then, rests on the name of our country!—a stain all the darker from its near contrast with the glorious principle of impartial liberty and impartial law, which was laid for the foundation of our government. Yes, laid for the foundation; but we did not build thereon; and there can be for us no safe system of "reconstruction" which rejects that chief corner-stone.

When this prolific curse shall have been removed; when we are ourselves emancipated from the love and practice of injustice; when the controlling spirit of the people shall mould all institutions with wise reference to the welfare of all classes;—then shall we be a nation exalted in righteousness. There will be no more rebellions, and no fear of invasions. If righteousness is a "breast-plate" to the individual man, then a righteous nation may be declared iron-clad and impregnable.

We shall never outshine the ostentatious splendor of ancient nations; it is not for us to repeat the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the gorgeous palaces of Persepolis and Rome; but how much more glorious will be the picture of a wide land, covered with the happy homes of competence and content, where intelligence and virtue crown all the people as princes and potentates! Let us accept it as the appointed mission of our dear country to give the world an example of what the human race may become by "love to God and the neighbor"—"to teach the nations how to live"—to illustrate, on a continental scale, how perfect a type and how noble a style of manhood can be produced by freedom and righteousness! Not by freedom alone, though shielded by wisest laws and bravest hearts; but by freedom joined with righteousness—loyalty to the eternal law—without which freedom soon becomes a monstrous mockery. If we deem freedom in danger, we are justly alarmed: let us be still more afraid of wrong. Whatever lowers the moral standard of the people, that is the public enemy; whoever lowers it, he is the traitor!—Only Christian faith and Christian works can save us. Uncompromising fidelity to the light God gives, is Christian faith; doing the right thing—doing whatever ought to be done in any case—is Christian work.

Let us not forget that the righteousness of a nation is the collective righteousness of individual men and women. All that bears on the public welfare and honor should come home to me and to you as a persuasive to purity of life. Every bad man is a rotten thread in the social web—a tottering stone in the public wall. If there were to-day no base material in our population, there would be no national troubles: the Alleghanies would not stand firmer than the purified Republic. So—as victories are gained when every soldier carries one musket and makes good use of it—let every man see to it that he furnishes one good citizen, and all will go well.

I cannot anticipate a speedy end to our present troubles. We are not a religious nation yet, and our sin lies heavy upon us. Let us bravely face the facts, and give thanks to that good Power which will not let us prosper in evil-doing. Our pain must teach us respect for His laws of health. There are too many elements of mischief among us to allow of quiet times for many a year; other evil spirits to be cast out, even if every Southern and Northern traitor were powerless. The severest strain upon our institutions and our virtue is yet to come. The surgery of war may lop off rotten limbs; but it does not create pure blood, and it runs the risk of fatal exhaustion.

But, in the face of all sad facts, and in defiance of disasters and reverses, let us cherish a cheerful faith in the destiny of our country. There is good ground for such a faith. A gentleman, who is familiar with our mineral resources, tells me that, in hours of despondency, when the national prospects seem dark and dismal, he looks into our coal-beds, reads there the purpose and the promise of a prosperous future, and finds peace in believing. I, too, rest in this assurance of the Divine Providing; but I find a yet more sure word of prophecy in the enlightened conscience and pure purpose of great masses of the people; in that stratum of virtue which God has deposited, and which runs through our history, from Plymouth Rock to now, like a vein of gold. I read it in those inspirations by which He lifts the life of so many households above the dull level of earthiness and materialism. I read it in that consciousness of larger need, which prompts our communities to provide, at every cost, means of improvement for body, mind, and soul; and in that brightening ideal of "complete life" which haunts us like a vision of heavenly encouragement. I read it in that active moral sense which cannot rest while wrong is in the neighborhood; which declares aggressive war against every form of social injustice; which sees and says that a respectable evil is but a chronic disease, and that health alone can have any vested rights. I see it, as God's rainbow spanning the battle-cloud, in the brave spirit which masses our population for the defense of worthy institutions, and inspires them with a Christ-like willingness to bleed and die that the land may be redeemed from the curse. Thus does my faith in the GOOD which is in the people turn to faith in the God who made the people. Here is so much that is worth saving—so much of His own best work, prospectively the richest results of the world's centuries—that I cannot believe He will sweep it, as dirt, into the pit of destruction. When He plants the seed, does He not plan the harvest? When He paints the east with dawn, is it not a pledge of day? I look to men, and tremble; I look to God, and trust.

But while consequences are His, duties are ours. We fight on the Lord's side only as we stand firm for all that is right against all that is wrong. Whether in the great conflict which now shakes the continent, or in that less noisy and less visible struggle which everywhere rages between the good and evil elements of American life, let us take care that we betray no trust, and leave no interest of public welfare or private virtue to suffer through our shortcomings. In single-hearted, pious patriotism, through victory and defeat, "let us have faith that right makes might; and, in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it."

"By all for which the Martyrs bore their agony and shame,
By all the holy words of truth with which the Prophets came,
By the Future, which awaits us, by all the hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the Past,
And by the Awful Name of Him who for earth's freedom died—
O ye people! O my brothers! let us choose the righteous side!"

LOUISIANA—THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

From The Tribune.

THE Constitutional Convention of Louisiana closed its labors on the 25th of July. Though the work it had to perform was of much greater importance than that of the previous Conventions of Louisiana, in 1845 and 1852, its session was shorter than either of them, lasting, in all, 111 days. The new Constitution adopted by this Convention will be submitted to the people for their ratification or rejection on the first Monday of September.

The papers of New Orleans publish the complete text of the new Constitution in English and French. It contains, under 14 titles, 155 articles, some of which are of more than local interest. The first title, embracing two articles, treats of emancipation, and transfers Louisiana from the slave States to the free States. The two articles are as follows:

Article 1. Slavery and involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, are hereby forever abolished and prohibited throughout the State.

Art. 2. The Legislature shall make no law recognizing the right of property in man.

We regret that the principle of *uncompensated* Emancipation was not embodied in the new Constitution; yet this omission is of slight importance in comparison with the great fact that slavery is declared extinct. And the fact is the more significant because the majority of the Convention contained some of the largest slaveholders of the United States, showing that it is not, as the Copperheads persistently maintain, the Northern officeholders only who favor the new Constitution.

The right of suffrage is restricted to white male persons who have attained the age of twenty-one years. This restriction shows that the legislators of Louisiana have not yet learned that in a democratic State all men ought to enjoy equal rights before the law. Still, not to be too severe in our judgment on Louisiana, we must remember that most of the Northern States have set the example of denying the rights of citizenship to the negroes. It is creditable to the Louisiana Convention that their willingness to recognize at least a portion of the negroes as citizens is indicated by the following article:

Art. 15. The Legislature shall have power to pass laws extending suffrage to such other persons, citizens of the United States, as by military service, by taxation to support the government, or by intellectual fitness, may be deemed entitled thereto.

It is a serious defect of the Constitution, that it omits an explicit provision excluding from the right of suffrage all who have taken an active part in the rebellion. To supply this defect, a resolution was adopted on the 25th of July providing that every voter must take the "iron-clad"—that is, the oath required of the members of the Convention, that they had never taken an active part in armed rebellion against the government of the United States. This resolution may to some extent neutralize the constitutional defect, though it is very far from being an equivalent.

Articles 36 and 46 declare the ineligibility of clergymen to the General Assembly and to the offices of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor — provisions which are not in accordance with the spirit of our age. The same must be said of article 116, which gives to the Legislature the power to license the selling of lottery tickets and the keeping of gambling houses. The new Constitution properly provides that the courts of justice shall be open to all, regardless of color, and for the education of all classes by taxation on the property of the State.

On the whole, while the Constitution lacks some important provisions, it is so great an improvement over the former Constitutions of the slave State of Louisiana, that we hope for its ratification by a large majority of the voters of the State.

The Convention fitly concludes its work by declaring in favor of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, providing for the abolition of slavery throughout the Union.

AFFAIRS IN LOUISIANA.

BANKS AND CANBY AT LOGGERHEADS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, July 26, 1864.

I MENTIONED in my last that the rumor prevailed in this city that Gen. Banks had been relieved of his command. The official announcement of this has not been yet promulgated, but cannot long be delayed, as the matter is beyond a question certain to soon come.

The relations between Gens. Canby and Banks have gone still further askew since my former letter, and it is a surprise to many that Banks should seem to desire to hold on to a position from which he is certain to be ejected at no distant day, if he does not gracefully accept the fact that what must be will be, and step aside voluntarily.

We had a little quarrel here the other day, in which the State Constitutional Convention, backed by Gen. Banks, was one party, and Mr. May, the editor of the N. O. *Times*, was the other. The proceedings of the Convention were somewhat uproarious one day last week, and were so characterized by *The Times* in a bitter editorial next day, personally reflecting upon Judge Durell, its President. Thereupon the Convention bodily waxed wrath, and after denouncing Mr. May and *The Times* in its bitterest invectives, proceeded to summon Mr. May, through its Sergeant-at-Arms, backed by the Provost-Marshal, by order of Gen. Banks, to appear before the Convention and purge himself of the contempt which he had felt and expressed for that body. Mr. May appeared, and stated to the Convention that at a proper time, and before a proper tribunal, he should be ready to answer any violation of law of which he might have been guilty.

The Convention received this as additional contumacy, and passed some resolutions ordering Mr. May imprisoned ten days in the parish prison, and that *The Times* be suppressed incontinently. The speeches made pending these resolutions would be esteemed curiosities anywhere outside of Bedlam. The extraordinary course of the Convention majority and of Gen. Banks in aiding the carrying out of its spiteful sentence was brought at once to Gen. Canby's ears, when he summoned Gen. Banks, and directed him to order his Provost-Marshal to at once release Mr. May, and to abstain from any attempts to suppress *The Times.*

Bitter pill as it was, the order was issued, and *The Times* is yet an institution in our midst, while the *entente cordiale* between the two Generals has not been promoted by the way in which it has resulted.

From another Correspondent of the same paper.

July 26.—The Free State Convention for the amendment and revision of the Constitution of the State of Louisiana has at last adjourned, after a somewhat tumultuous and disorderly session of 78 days. Some of the closing scenes were hardly of the dignified character which pertained to the early days of the Convention, when the members came together full of earnest purpose, and thinking only of the great objects and interests which brought them together, they being no less than the salvation of a lost State and the freedom of an enslaved race.

The Convention sat only three hours a day, and as much of the time was passed in verbose discussion, the amount of work accomplished bears little proportion to the time occupied, except in its significance, and exceedingly interesting and important character.

Grave charges of financial extravagance and recklessness are openly made against the Convention. And it has been alleged, undisputed, in the city papers that the liquor bills alone of the Convention, which have been paid out of the public money, amount to over $90,000.

As this is over $1,000 a day for each day the Convention has sat, some idea may be formed from it of the bibulous qualities of the few dozen members composing it.

It assumes doubtful powers. A curious incident occurred near the close of the Convention, growing out of their bibulous qualification. Mr. Thomas P. May, the editor of the N. O. *Daily Times*, the most independent, popular and ably conducted paper here by the way, had ventured to protest, in his paper of the 22d instant, against this extravagance, and to assert that even the President of the Convention, Judge Durell, had been drunk in his seat to such an extent as to be entirely unfit to perform the duties of his position, which assertion many good men and fair believe to be true.

At the meeting of the Convention on the same day, Judge Durell denounced the article in *The Morning Times* as an infamous libel on himself and the Convention, and Mr. Stauffer thereupon introduced a resolution directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to take possession of *The Times* office, and to bring Mr. May before the Convention to *purge himself of the libel* upon the President and the members of the Convention.

Mr. May was accordingly brought before the Convention, being advised not to resist the arrest, as he clearly might have done; and when informed of the object of his arrest, and asked if he had any apology to make, he answered as follows:

"I am here, not in obedience to any resolution of this Convention. At the proper time, in the proper place, and in pursuance of the forms of law, I will answer to any charge made against me and my paper."

This answer led to a violent and disorderly discussion, which finally resulted in a resolution that Mr. May be imprisoned for ten days; that the Commander of the Department be requested to suppress *The Times*, and that the President of the United States be solicited to withdraw Mr. May's commission as Assistant United States Treasurer at this point.

This resolution was passed. Yeas, 49; Nays, 31; and the Sergeant-at-Arms was directed to take Mr. May into custody; notwithstanding all which, Mr. May is still at large, *The Times* is not suppressed, and its editor is still Assistant Treasurer.

Gen. Banks saw fit to interfere somewhat with the execution of the sentence, and to intimate to the enraged President Durell that the usual remedies for a libel in civilized communities were an indictment and trial before a competent criminal court, or a suit at law for damages in some civil court; and as the Convention possessed the powers of neither, its proceedings in the matter were simply null and void.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

To Mr. May I have given the credit, undoubtedly his due, of being the first planter and slaveholder in Louisiana to establish free, compensated slave labor in the State in the cultivation of sugar and cotton. A wealthy planter, he lost some hundred thousand dollars in slaves on the advent of the national forces here. He immediately employed upon his plantations whites and free negroes in the cultivation of his growing crops, and inaugurated the free-labor system here long before the orders of Gen. Banks were issued relative to that subject. Owing to his careful and liberal management he proved conclusively that free labor could be made successful under a Southern sun, and has done very much by his quiet, unaided, but extremely satisfactory efforts in securing a fair trial to a plan of labor consonant with the advancing spirit of Christianity and civilization. He was the first man in Louisiana to extend a welcoming hand to Gen. Butler on his arrival here; and with Judge Whittaker of this city, first offered him and his staff the civility of a dinner, to which many of our leading citizens were invited, but which was not attended by some of them as the day was too early a one for an open approval of Union men and measures. President Lincoln, appreciating the worth of Mr. May as a representative man of the loyal Southerners, gave to his charge the sub-treasury located here. Mr. May lately established *The Times* in New Orleans, and has always made it a strong Union paper. It has been extremely friendly to Mr. Chase, but supported Mr. Lincoln as soon as his nomination was known in New Orleans, as I have already stated.

The Times has not been suppressed, but I do not consider it improbable that Mr. May may be removed from office, as many persons conceive that the convention embodies the strength of the friends of the Administration here. That is a very grave error. The government has thousands of supporters among us outside of the clique represented in the State Convention, who adhere to the government from principle and notwithstanding the Convention. The great majority of Union citizens, even among the constituents of the delegates to that assembly, are with Mr. May in this affair. The action of Major-General Canby has elicited the warmest applause on all sides, and has won new friends to the right cause. He is called "a gentlemanly Ben. Butler" by the people, and is looked up to with the confidence we formerly bestowed on a Commanding General in this department. The government will lose nothing by protecting such a press as that controlled by Mr. May and approving the policy of a man like General Canby. The loyal people are now with him as they never were with General Banks.

THE QUESTION OF RECONSTRUCTING THE REBEL STATES.

THE ACT OF CONGRESS—PROTEST AGAINST THE ACTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

TO THE SUPPORTERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

WE have read without surprise, but not without indignation, the Proclamation of the President of the 8th of July, 1864.

The supporters of the Administration are responsible to the country for its conduct; and it is their right and duty to check the encroachments of the Executive on the authority of Congress, and to require it to confine itself to its proper sphere.

It is impossible to pass in silence this proclamation without neglecting that duty; and, having taken as much responsibility as any others in supporting the Administration, we are not disposed to fail in the other duty of asserting the rights of Congress.

The President did not sign the bill "to guarantee to certain States, whose governments have been usurped, a republican form of government"—passed by the supporters of his Administration in both Houses of Congress after mature deliberation.

The bill did not therefore become *a law*; and it is therefore *nothing.*

The proclamation is neither an approval nor a veto of the bill; it is therefore a document unknown to the laws and Constitution of the United States.

So far as it contains an apology for not signing the bill, it is a political manifesto against the friends of the government.

So far as it proposes to execute the bill which is not a law, it is a grave Executive usurpation.

It is fitting that the facts necessary to enable the friends of the Administration to appreciate the apology and the usurpation be spread before them.

The Proclamation says:

"And whereas the said bill was presented to the President of the United States for his approval less than one hour before the *sine die* adjournment of said session, and was not signed by him"—

If that be accurate, still this bill was presented with other bills which were signed.

Within that hour, the time for the sine die adjournment was three times postponed by the votes of both Houses; and the least intimation of a desire for more time by the President to consider this bill would have secured a further postponement.

Yet the Committee sent to ascertain if the President had any further communication for the House of Representatives reported that he had none; and the friends of the bill, who had anxiously waited on him to ascertain its fate, had already been informed that the President had resolved not to sign it.

The time of presentation, therefore, had nothing to do with his failure to approve it.

The bill had been discussed and considered for more than a month in the House of Representatives, which it passed on the 4th of May; it was reported to the Senate on the 27th of May without material amendment, and passed the Senate absolutely as it came from the House on the 2d of July.

Ignorance of its contents is out of the question.

Indeed, at his request, a draft of a bill substantially the same in all material points, and identical in the points objected to by the proclamation, had been laid before him for his consideration in the Winter of 1862–1863.

There is, therefore, no reason to suppose the provisions of the bill took the President by surprise.

On the contrary, we have reason to believe them to have been so well known that this method of preventing the bill from becoming a law without the constitutional responsibility of a veto, had been resolved on long before the bill passed the Senate.

We are informed by a gentleman entitled to entire confidence, that before the 22d of June, in New Orleans, it was stated by a member of Gen. Banks's staff, in the presence of other gentlemen in official position, that Senator Doolittle had written a letter to the department that the House Reconstruction bill would be staved off in the Senate to a period too late in the session to require the President to veto it in order to defeat it, and that Mr. Lincoln would retain the bill, if necessary, and thereby defeat it.

The experience of Senator Wade, in his various efforts to get the bill considered in the Senate, was quite in accordance with that plan; and the fate of the bill was accurately predicted by letters received from New Orleans before it had passed the Senate.

Had the proclamation stopped there, it would have been only one other defeat of the will of the people by an Executive perversion of the Constitution.

But it goes further. The President says:

"And whereas the said bill contains, among other things, a plan for restoring the States in rebellion to their proper practical relation in the Union, which plan expresses the sense of Congress upon that subject, and which plan it is now thought fit to lay before the people for their consideration"—

By what authority of the Constitution? In what forms? The result to be declared by whom? With what effect when ascertained?

Is it to be a law by the approval of the people without the approval of Congress, at the will of the President?

Will the President, on his opinion of the popular approval, execute it as a law?

Or is this merely a device to avoid the serious responsibility of defeating a law on which so many loyal hearts reposed for security?

But the reasons now assigned for not approving the bill are full of ominous significance.

The President proceeds:

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known, that, while I am (as I was in December last, when by proclamation I propounded a plan for restoration) unprepared, by a formal approval of this bill, to be inflexibly committed to any single plan of restoration"—

That is to say, the President is resolved that the people shall not *by law* take *any* securities from the rebel States against a renewal of the rebellion, before restoring their power to govern us.

His wisdom and prudence are to be our sufficient guarantees!

He further says:

"And, while I am also unprepared to declare that the Free State Constitutions and governments already adopted and installed in Arkansas and Louisiana shall be set aside and held for naught, thereby repelling and discouraging the loyal citizens who have set up the same as to further effort"—

That is to say, the President persists in recognising those shadows of governments in Arkansas and Louisiana, which Congress formally declared should not be recognized—whose Representatives and Senators were repelled by formal votes of both Houses of Congress—which it was declared formally should have no electoral vote for President and Vice-President.

They are the mere creatures of his will. They cannot live a day without his support. They are mere oligarchies, imposed on the people by military orders under the forms of election, at which generals, provost-marshals, soldiers and camp-followers were the chief actors, assisted by a handful of resident citizens, and urged on to premature action by private letters from the President.

In neither Louisiana nor Arkansas, before Banks's defeat, did the United States control half the territory or half the population. In Louisiana, Gen. Banks's proclamation candidly declared: "*The fundamental law of the State is martial law.*"

On that foundation of freedom, he erected what the President calls "the free Constitution and government of Louisiana."

But of this State, whose fundamental law was martial law, only sixteen parishes out of forty-eight parishes were held by the United States; and in five of the sixteen we held only our camps.

The eleven parishes we substantially held had 233,185 inhabitants; the residue of the State not held by us, 575,617.

At the farce called an election, the officers of Gen. Banks returned that 11,346 ballots were cast; but whether any or by whom the people of the United States have no legal-assurance; but it is probable that 4,000 were cast by soldiers or employees of the United States military or municipal, but none according to any law, State or National, and 7,000 ballots represent the State of Louisiana.

Such is the free Constitution and government of Louisiana; and like it is that of Arkansas. Nothing but the failure of a military expedition deprived us of a like one in the swamps of Florida; and before the Presidential election, like ones may be organized in every rebel State where the United States have a camp.

The President, by preventing this bill from becoming a law, holds the electoral votes of the Rebel States at the dictation of his personal ambition.

If those votes turn the balance in his favor, is it to be supposed that his competitor, defeated by such means, will acquiesce?

If the rebel majority assert their supremacy in those States, and send votes which elect an enemy of the government, will we not repel his claims?

And is not that civil war for the Presidency, inaugurated by the votes of Rebel States?

Seriously impressed with these dangers, Congress, "*the proper constitutional authority,*" formally declares that there are no State governments in the Rebel States, and provided for their erection at a proper time; and both the Senate and the House of Representatives rejected the Senators and Representatives chosen under the authority of what the President calls the Free Constitution and government of Arkansas.

The President's proclamation "*holds for naught*" this judgment, and discards the authority of the Supreme Court, and strides headlong toward the anarchy his proclamation of the 8th of December inaugurated.

If electors for President be allowed to be chosen in either of those States, a sinister light will be cast on the motives which induced the President to "hold for naught" the will of Congress rather than his government in Louisiana and Arkansas.

That judgment of Congress which the President defies was the exercise of an authority exclusively vested in Congress by the Constitution, to determine what is the established government in a State, and in its own nature and by the highest judicial authority binding on all other departments of the government.

The Supreme Court has formally declared that under the 4th section of the IVth article of the Constitution, requiring the United States to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, "*it rests with Congress to decide what government is the established one in a State*"; and "*when Senators and Representatives of a State are admitted into* the councils of the Union, the *authority* of the *government under which they are appointed*, as well as its republican character, *is recognized by the proper constitutional authority, and its decision is binding on every other department of the government*, and could not be questioned in a judicial tribunal. It is true that the contest in this case did not last long enough to bring the matter to this issue; and, as no Senators or Representatives were elected under the authority of the government of which Mr. Dorr was the head, Congress was not called upon to decide the controversy. Yet the right to decide is placed *there.*"

Even the President's proclamation of the 8th of December, formally declares that "Whether members sent to Congress from any State shall be admitted to seats, constitutionally rests exclusively with the respective Houses, and not to any extent with the Executive."

And that is not the less true because wholly inconsistent with the President's assumption in that proclamation of a right to institute and recognize State governments in the rebel States, nor because the President is unable to perceive that his recognition is a nullity if it be not conclusive on Congress.

Under the Constitution, the right to Senators and Representatives is inseparable from a State government.

If there be a State government, the right is absolute.

If there be no State government, there can be Senators or Representatives chosen.

The two Houses of Congress are expressly declared to be the sole judges of their own members.

When, therefore, Senators and Representatives are admitted, the State government, under whose authority they were chosen, is conclusively established; when they are rejected, its existence is as conclusively rejected and denied; and to this judgment the President is bound to submit.

The President proceeds to express his unwillingness "to declare a constitutional competency in Congress to abolish slavery in States" as another reason for not signing the bill.

But the bill nowhere proposes to abolish slavery in States.

The bill did provide that all *slaves* in the rebel States should be *manumitted.*

But as the President had already signed three bills manumitting several classes of slaves in States, it is not conceived possible that he entertained any scruples touching *that* provision of the bill respecting which he is silent.

He had already himself assumed a right by proclamation to free much the larger number of slaves in the rebel States under the authority given him by Congress to use military power to suppress the rebellion; and it is quite inconceivable that the President should think Congress could vest in him a discretion it could not exercise itself.

It is the more unintelligible from the fact that, except in respect to a small part of Virginia and Louisiana, the bill covered only what the proclamation covered—added a Congressional title and judicial remedies by law to the disputed title under the proclamation, and perfected the work the President professed to be so anxious to accomplish.

Slavery as an institution can be abolished only by a change of the Constitution of the United States or of the law of the State; and this is the principle of the bill.

It required the new Constitution of the State to provide for that prohibition; and the President, in the face of his own proclamation, does not venture to object to insisting on *that* condition. Nor will the country tolerate its abandonment—yet he defeated the only provision imposing it!!

But when he describes himself, in spite of this great blow at emancipation, as "sincerely hoping and expecting that a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery throughout the nation may be adopted," we curiously inquire on what his expectation rests, after the vote of the House of Representatives at the recent session, and in the face of the political complexion of more than enough of the States to prevent the possibility of its adoption within any reasonable time; and why he did not indulge his sincere hopes with so large an installment of the blessing as his approval of the bill would have secured.

After this assignment of his reasons for preventing the bill from becoming a law, the President proceeds to declare his purpose *to execute it as a law by his plenary dictatorial power.*

He says:

"Nevertheless, I am fully satisfied with the system for restoration contained in the bill as one very proper plan for the loyal people of any State choosing to adopt it; and that I am, and at all times shall be, prepared to give the Executive aid and assistance to any such people so soon as the military resistance to the United States shall have been suppressed in any such State, and the people thereof shall have sufficiently returned to their obedience to the Constitution and the laws of the United States; in which cases Military Governors will be appointed, with directions to proceed according to the bill."

A more studied outrage on the legislative authority of the people has never been perpetrated.

Congress passed a bill; the President refused to approve it, and then by proclamation puts as much of it in force as he sees fit, and proposes to execute those parts by officers unknown to the laws of the

United States, and not subject to the confirmation of the Senate!

The bill directed the appointment of Provisional Governors by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

The President, after defeating the law, proposes to appoint without law, and without the advice and consent of the Senate, *Military* Governors for the rebel States!

He has already exercised this dictatorial usurpation in Louisiana, and he defeated the bill to prevent its limitation.

Henceforth we must regard the following precedent as the Presidential law of the rebel States:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, March 15, 1864.
"*His Excellency* Michael Hahn, *Governor of Louisiana.*
"Until further orders, you are hereby invested with the powers exercised hitherto by the Military Governor of Louisiana. Yours, Abraham Lincoln."

This Michael Hahn is no officer of the United States; the President, without law, without the advice and consent of the Senate, by a private note not even countersigned by the Secretary of State, makes him Dictator of Louisiana!

The bill provided for the civil administration of the laws of the State—till it should be in a fit temper to govern itself—repealing all laws recognizing slavery, and making all men equal before the law.

These beneficent provisions the President has annulled. People will die, and marry and transfer property, and buy and sell: and to these acts of civil life courts and officers of the law are necessary. Congress legislated for these necessary things, and the President deprives them of the protection of the law!

The President's purpose to instruct his Military Governors "to proceed according to the bill"—as makeshift to calm the disappointment its defeat has occasioned—is not merely a grave usurpation but a transparent delusion.

He cannot "proceed according to the bill" after preventing it from becoming a law.

Whatever is done will be at his will and pleasure, by persons responsible to no law, and more interested to secure the interests and execute the will of the President than of the people; and the will of Congress is to be "*held for naught,*" unless the loyal people of the rebel States choose to adopt it.

If they should graciously prefer the stringent bill to the easy proclamation, still the registration will be made under no legal sanction; it will give no assurance that a majority of the people of the States have taken the oath; if administered, it will be without legal authority, and void; no indictment will lie for false swearing at the election, or for admitting bad or rejecting good votes; it will be the farce of Louisiana and Arkansas acted over again, under the forms of this bill, but not by authority of *law*.

But when we come to the guarantees of future peace which Congress meant to enact, the forms, as well as the substance of the bill, must yield to the President's will that *none* shall be *imposed*.

It was the solemn resolve of Congress to protect the loyal men of the nation against three great dangers, (1) the return to power of the guilty leaders of the rebellion, (2) the continuance of slavery, and (3) the burden of the rebel debt.

Congress *required* assent to these provisions by the Convention of the State; and if refused, it was to be dissolved.

The President "holds for naught" that resolve of Congress, because he is unwilling "to be inflexibly committed to any one plan of restoration," and the people of the United States are not to be allowed to protect themselves unless their enemies agree to it.

The order to proceed according to the bill is therefore merely at the will of the Rebel States; and they have the option to reject it, accept the proclamation of the 8th of December, and demand the President's recognition!

Mark the contrast! The bill requires a majority, the proclamation is satisfied with one-tenth; the bill requires one oath, the proclamation another; the bill ascertains voters by registering, the proclamation by guess; the bill exacts adherence to existing territorial limits, the proclamation admits of others; the bill governs the Rebel States *by law*, equalizing all before it, the proclamation commits them to the lawless discretion of military Governors and Provost-Marshals; the bill forbids electors for President, the proclamation and defeat of the bill threatens us with civil war for the admission or exclusion of such votes; the bill exacted exclusion of dangerous enemies from power and the relief of the nation from the rebel debt, and the prohibition of slavery forever, so that the suppression of the rebellion will double our resources to bear or pay the national debt, free the masses from the old domination of the rebel leaders, and eradicate the cause of the war; the proclamation secures neither of these guaranties.

It is silent respecting the rebel debt and the political exclusion of rebel leaders; leaving *slavery* exactly where it was by law at the outbreak of the rebellion, and adds no guaranty even for the freedom of the slaves he undertook to manumit.

It is summed up in an illegal oath, without a sanction, and therefore void.

The oath is to support all proclamations of the President during the rebellion having reference to slaves.

Any government is to be accepted at the hands of one-tenth of the people not contravening *that oath*.

Now that oath neither secures the abolition of slavery, nor adds any security to the freedom of the slaves the President declared free.

It does not secure the abolition of slavery; for the proclamation of freedom merely professed to free certain slaves while it recognized the institution.

Every Constitution of the rebel States at the outbreak of the rebellion may be adopted without the change of a letter; for none of them contravene that proclamation; none of them establish slavery.

It adds no security to the freedom of the slaves.

For their title is the proclamation of Freedom.

If it be unconstitutional, an oath to support it is void. Whether constitutional or not, the oath is without authority of law, and therefore void.

If it be valid and observed, it exacts no enactment by the State, either in law or Constitution, to add a State guaranty to the proclamation title; and the right of a slave to freedom is an open question before the State courts on the relative authority of the State law and the proclamation.

If the oath binds the one-tenth who take it, it is not exacted of the other nine-tenths who succeed to the control of the State government; so that it is annulled instantly by the act of recognition.

What the State courts would say of the proclamation, who can doubt?

But the master would not go into court—he would seize his slave.

What the Supreme Court would say, who can tell?

When and how is the question to get there?

No habeas corpus lies for him in a United States Court; and the President defeated with this bill its extension of that writ to this case.

Such are the fruits of this rash and fatal act of the President—a blow at the friends of his Administration, at the rights of humanity, and at the principles of republican government.

The President has greatly presumed on the forbearance which the supporters of his Administration have so long practiced, in view of the arduous conflict in which we are engaged, and the reckless ferocity of our political opponents.

But he must understand that our support is of a cause and not of a man; that the authority of Congress is paramount and must be respected; that the whole body of the Union men of Congress will not submit to be impeached by him of rash and unconstitutional legislation; and if he wishes our support, he must confine himself to his executive duties—to obey and execute, not make the laws—to suppress by arms armed rebellion, and leave political reorganization to Congress.

If the supporters of the government fail to insist on this, they become responsible for the usurpations which they fail to rebuke, and are justly liable to the indignation of the people whose rights and security, committed to their keeping, they sacrifice.

Let them consider the remedy for these usurpations, and, having found it, fearlessly execute it.

B. F. Wade, Chairman Senate Committee.
H. Winter Davis, Chairman Committee House of Representatives on the Rebellious States.

GEN. BANKS'S PLANTATION SYSTEM REPUDIATED.

Washington, Aug. 8, 1864.—The Secretary of the Treasury has this day issued new regulations for the government of the Freedmen. They are a practical repudiation of Gen. Banks's system, and an endorsement of that lately prevailing in the Mississippi valley. These regulations are to be carried into effect by the agents who have charge of the regulations concerning commercial intercourse with the rebel States. They embrace the following features:

Abandoned and confiscated lands, houses, and tenements, when required for public use, are to be appraised and delivered over for that purpose, while provision is made for the sale of the remainder.

In each special agency, one or more places, to be known as Freedmen's Home Colonies, are to be established.

A Superintendent of Freedmen will be appointed for each of the Colonies. The Freedmen are classified, and the minimum rate of wages of No. 1 males to be $25 per month; No. 2, $20; No. 3, $15; Nos. 1, 2 and 3, females, $18, $14 and $10. These rates shall not restrict mechanics and others from contracting for higher wages if they can do so.

Written agreements may be made between employees and employers on certain conditions, and an interest in the profits of the labor may be given instead of wages. Provision is made for the care of aged and infirm Freedmen.

Any association, or combination of associations, desiring to improve the condition of Freedmen will have assigned to their care and general charge such Freedmen's Home Colonies as they may desire and as they can give satisfactory assurance of their ability to provide for, the Secretary of the Treasury reserving the right to revoke or modify this regulation whenever, in his judgment, the public interests will be promoted by such action.

Schools are to be established within these Homes and Labor Colonies sufficient for the education of all children under the age 12 years, and penalties are prescribed for ill-usage of freedmen.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

WHAT MUST GO BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION.

THE question as to how the institutions of the Nation are to be rearranged after the War shall be at an end is one which must, of necessity, cause much anxious reflection to all thinking and honest men, and it is one that must, as necessarily, meet with different answers according to the temperament, the intelligence and the standpoint of the different observers. It is no wonder that it excites the most eager controversies, and that men's minds are deeply moved and diversely effected by the discussion. The Copperhead wing of the rebels, encamped in the midst of every city and every village, have a steadfast hope that the war will have had no result, when it is over, besides the lives and the gold it has devoured. They trust that things will be as they were before, that the supremacy of slavery will be reëstablished, and they will revel again in the crumbs which will fall from the table of their masters. Thoughtful men, who have accepted this dreadful conflict as the bloody but inevitable purgation of the Nation from its sins towards the slave, shudder at this prospect and feel around after some sure way of escape from it, if haply they may find it. Almost every one has some favorite scheme which would seem to provide for every emergency and guard against every danger. Unhappily, there is no unity of plan among men of unquestionable loyalty, which is synonymous with a settled determination to extirpate slavery, as to how the settlement is to be finally made which shall kill slavery, leaving freedom alive, so as to secure the right of self-government with the certainty that it will not be used to continue or to revive the fatal and guilty cause of all our woes. And the danger is that these dissensions will lead to serious defections and schisms in the party of Freedom, which shall endanger its prevailing at the next election and perhaps result in the success of her deadliest enemy. For we presume that none of the bitterest opponents of the present Administration, however grounded their opposition in reason or conscience, would wish to see McClellan, or whoever may be the Copperhead candidate, placed at the head of the Nation. It would not be flying from ills we have to those we know not of, but to such as we can very clearly discern to be the inevitable consequence of such a calamity.

One of the most pregnant symptoms of this danger is to be seen in the paper put forth by the Hon. Messrs. Wade and Winter Davis in bitter rebuke and condemnation of the President's proclamation giving his reasons for not signing the bill for "guaranteeing to certain States, whose governments have been usurped, a republican form of government." We certainly shared in the general regret that that bill was not permitted to become a law. It seemed to us excellently well devised for the triple purpose it had in view: 1, to extirpate slavery forever in a way that could be open to no constitutional cavils; 2, to secure us from the otherwise inevitable disgrace, in the event of a reconstruction, of the return to the National councils of red-handed traitors; and 3, to save us from having the rebel debt saddled upon us in addition to our own, as a bribe to traitors to come back and govern us. We regret as much as Messrs. Wade and Davis that this law has not been recorded on the Statute Book and made the key which is to solve the difficult enigma that awaits us. But while we commend Congress for having looked this question in the face and provided the best settlement of it that they could devise, we must also remember that the President is a coördinate branch of the government, and that he had the same constitutional right to withhold his consent from the bill, or to interpose his veto, as the Senate and House had to consent to it. If he deemed, for any reasons seeming sufficient to him, that it ought not to become a law, it was as much his duty to hinder its becoming such, as it was that of Messrs. Wade and Davis to secure its passage, holding the opinions that they did on the matter. Whether he was wise and judicious in his decision is a question open to all men's consideration and judgment, but his constitutional right and duty in the premises is as clear as the right and duty of the Senate and the House. And here we would interpose the criticism that the House and the Senate are thus far to blame for their own disappointment, inasmuch as they left this most important measure to the very end of the session, so as to leave the President no opportunity to return the bill with his objections and themselves none of passing it over his head. Or, if the Copperhead minority in the House were too strong to make this likely, some modification might have been devised which would have obviated the President's objections and left this most delicate matter in a better practical shape than it is now in. Such Procrastination may prove the Thief not only of Time, but of Futurity as well.

But while we use our right of private judgment in thinking Mr. Lincoln wrong in standing in the way of so wholesome a measure, we can see some of the difficulties, which he had provided for himself, indeed, but which he could not overlook, which moved him to the step. By his Amnesty proclamation he had pledged himself to the portions of the rebel States within reach of his protection that they might organize themselves for self-government, under certain conditions, whenever one-tenth of the population at the time of the last election, if our memory is not at fault, were ready to consent to them. Now two States, Louisiana and Arkansas, had consented to his terms and entered into some sort of political autonomy. He still holding, undoubtedly, that his policy was wise and his action constitutional, under the temporary Dictatorship arising out of military necessity, it was hardly to be expected that he should, without ceremony, unmake these creatures of his power by signing their death-warrant in the Bill for reëstablishing Republican governments. We do not think that his policy was wise or his action constitutional, in thus putting the control of the rebel States, without the consent of Congress, or with it, into the hands of so small a fraction of their population, in the exercise of his despotic authority as Commander-in-Chief. That authority is supreme for the purpose of putting down the rebellion, but not for providing for the political reconstruction which is to follow its suppression, and which can have no effectual prevalence until it has been suppressed. But though this is our opinion, an opinion shared, we imagine, by a large proportion of Mr. Lincoln's warmest friends, it is not his. And his decision was to be governed not by our opinion, nor by that of Congress, nor yet of the Northern public, but by his own sense of right and duty. We believe that his motives in the Amnesty Proclamation were sincere and honest, however mistaken they may have been and however unfortunate their result. He thought thus to form a nucleus around which the loyalty which it was fondly dreamed existed beyond the picket lines would gather and destroy the predominant treason by a process of elimination. If the experiment has had any success it has been in showing that no such loyal feeling exists, and that an Emancipationist by force of arms is only a disguised Slaveholder, eagerly watching his opportunity to throw off his mask and be himself again. But having committed himself to these men, and still holding that he did so lawfully, we can easily see how he should look upon it as a breach of faith towards them to undo all that he had done by a stroke of the pen at the bottom of this bill. The imputation that the President has rejected this bill for the purpose of "holding the electoral votes of these States at the dictation of his personal ambition," is one that will have small effect except in making more intense the hatred which his opponents already feel. It is too clearly the utterance of political or personal passion to affect impartial minds. Indeed, the whole paper is tinged by a violence of language and bitterness of spirit which must prevent the effect on the public mind which it was meant to have, and which a calmer and more judicial statement might have produced.

But, although we cannot refrain from speculating as to what is to come after the Rebellion is suppressed, we must all remember that that important preliminary is not yet obtained. There may be no harm in discussing what use we shall put the bear's skin to, when we shall have killed the beast, provided it does not divert us from vigorously following up the chase. There is a nearer duty than indulging in these schemes for the future. And that is the one that lies immediately before us in the present. And that duty divides itself into two branches, 1, to beat the rebels in the field, and, 2, to beat the Copperheads at the polls. If we do not do both of these things we shall have no material to make our reconstruction out of. Should Lee be able to drive Grant from before Richmond, and should Sherman fail before Atlanta—neither of which is possible if we all do our duty—the end of the war will have begun, but it will not be the end for which we have been fighting. It will be an end won by arms in spite of a Republican success, in such case, which will be gained by diplomacy in case of a Copperhead victory. We do not believe that any terms that Vallandigham and the Woods could devise would win the rebels back to the Union and the Democratic party. We have too good an opinion of them, yet, to believe that. The heart's desire of the Copperheads is, of course, to govern the country forever by the help of the slaveholders, and there is no baseness that they will not stoop to for that end. But the slaveholders are too wise in their generation, and their passions are too fiercely stirred to listen to the charming of such charmers. They will insist on Recognition, should they exist in force until a Copperhead President comes into power. And Recognition they will be sure to have at his hands. What must take precedence of all plans of Reconstruction, then, is the furnishing the Nation with men and with money—by sending to the field the half million soldiers called for and by putting our money, if we have any, into the public funds. If this be done, the heaviest battalions and the heaviest purse coming to the help of the Right, it will prevail mightily. Should we fail in this duty, or, performing it, if we permit an ally of the rebels to gain the headship of the Nation, all our schemes of Reconstruction will be but such stuff as dreams are made of—for there will be nothing left for us to reconstruct.

"CASTE IN THE CHURCH."

EXPLANATORY NOTE FROM DR. CURRY.

Editorial Office of the Advocate and Journal,
200 Mulberry street, New York, Aug. 9, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN your paper of the 6th inst., in your reference to the organization of the Delaware Conference of the Methodist E. Church (colored), you do a great, though doubtless undesigned, injustice to our Church authorities by designating it a case of "Caste in the Church." Acquaintance with a single fact in our Church economy will satisfy you that this business has nothing to do with the "caste" or "color" of the persons composing the new Conference. We have two kinds of Annual Conferences—the ordinary ones and those styled Missionary Conferences. Of the latter there is one in Germany, one in India, one in Liberia, and there are or have been one or more in the far West. Being usually very small in numbers and imperfect in organization, as well as needing large pecuniary assistance, they are placed temporarily in a state of modified pupilage, having most of the rights of the other Annual Conferences, but not all. The scholarly gentlemen who are found in the German or the India Mission Conference (white Americans) are not reckoned as degraded in *caste* by the ecclesiastical position they occupy, and yet they hold precisely the same relations with the members of the Delaware (colored) Conference.

The question, whether or not to make these Conferences Missionary or ordinary, was freely discussed in the late General Conference, when as good Abolitionists as were in the body favored the action that prevailed. As far as I have learned, the colored preachers uniformly approved of it. At the proper time it is expected that either these Conferences will be endowed with the full power of regular Annual Conferences, or, what I think would be better, that their members will be absorbed by the now existing (white) Conferences. Would it not be well for us, who are laboring together in the great work of practically emancipating our colored brethren, to spend as little as possible in mutual antagonisms and criminations? And further, receive from me, who claim to be entitled to speak on this subject, the assurance, that never on this Western Continent, nor in the world, has there been a more thorough and straight-out anti-slavery body than the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church—a body that honestly reflected the sentiments of its constituency—that is, the whole Church.

Yours, truly, Daniel Curry,
Editor Christian Advocate and Journal.

We publish Dr. Curry's explanation with great pleasure, being sure, from his well-known anti-slavery character, that he would not knowingly palliate the sin of caste in the Church of which he is an influential member and minister. The revolution in the M. E. Church since the time when *The Christian Advocate and Journal* was an apologist for slavery and the bitter opponent of immediate emancipation, and when in some quarters preachers were required, on peril of losing their standing in the Church, to pledge themselves not to agitate the subject of slavery, is one of the most cheering events of the time, for which we are profoundly grateful to God. We trust the good work will go on until the spirit of slavery and caste is completely removed from the heart of every member of that large and influential denomination.—*Editor.*

THE WASHINGTON WILKS TESTIMONIAL.

Emancipation Society, Office 65 Fleet St.,
London, 30th July, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: The Committee of the Washington Wilks Testimonial would feel greatly obliged by the insertion of the inclosed letter from that estimable man and true patriot, Judge Winter of Georgia. If any of your readers feel disposed to imitate so good an example, or to assist the fund in any other way, I hope they will kindly forward their contributions to Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, editor of *The Liberator*, Boston.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,
F. W. Chesson, Hon. Sect'y.

JUDGE WINTER'S LETTER.

Queen's Hotel, Chester, England,
July 15, 1864.

To William Hargreaves, *Esq., Treasurer, and* F. W. Chesson, *Esq., Honorable Secretary, Wilks Testimonial Fund, 65 Fleet street, E. C. London.*

GENTLEMEN; I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your favor of the 7th inst., asking my aid in making contribution to the Testimonial Fund of our lamented, worthy, and most eloquent friend, the now deceased Washington Wilks; and I thank you sincerely for not forgetting one so humble as myself in your efforts to give practical proof of an affection for the man by liberal contributions in aid of those who were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and who of all the earth were, during his brief existence, nearest and dearest to one of the greatest hearts that ever throbbed in the bosom of any human creature. Would that I were Crœsus, that I might contribute all that is needed in aid of those who are so suddenly deprived of the aid and comfort which, whilst living, his genius enabled him so freely to bestow, but which is lost to them forever on earth.

Out of my limited means you may set me down for ten pounds per annum so long as I am spared; and when to me time is no more forever, I shall not forget to provide a similar annuity for his family until his youngest child shall come of age, unless I neglect to make a will.

Beyond all Englishmen who have lived in the nineteenth century, Mr. Wilks is entitled to the gratitude of every true American who loves his country, and is true to the flag and Constitution established by his fathers, for his courageous, eloquent, unintermittent, and persistent efforts in enlightening the British mind as to the true bearings of the American question.

Under these feelings of gratitude, as an American citizen, I offer my mite in aid of the widow and orphans; and may your efforts in their behalf never cease until the irreparable loss of his personal presence will not be aggravated by the pinchings of pitiless poverty. I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Most respectfully your very obliged,
John C. Winter, of Georgia.

FIRST OF AUGUST AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE first of August was celebrated in Washington by a pic-nic, given by the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association to the schools under their charge and others connected therewith, in that city. The teachers and scholars of other associations were invited to participate. All needed facilities of transportation being afforded by the railroad cars of Washington, the parties met at a common centre, and, forming a procession, moved through Georgetown to the place of meeting, which was in a grove not far from that city. The idea of a black procession, in holiday dress, with a black band playing and United States flags flying, marching through the slaveholders' city of Georgetown, was a thing before unheard of. Secesh looked on in mute astonishment; copperheadism boiled over—though quietly. "What does this mean?" was the question every now and then asked. "It means," was the reply, "that this is the 1st of August, the anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies; this procession is made up of schools established by the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Association; they are going to the country to have a holiday; to eat ice cream and cake; to hear good words of advice and comfort; to sing and dance and play, and have a good time generally." Secesh makes no rejoinder, but his looks say, despairingly, "Has it come to this!" Loyalty, however, is delighted, and every here and there you hear people saying: "This is right; this is just as it should be. These associations are doing great good. Look at that procession! See how neat all are dressed! How decorously all behave! How happiness beams in every face! Yesterday these people were slaves; to-day they are freemen! What a metamorphosis! There is hope of the country. Emancipation furnishes its own justification."

The procession reached the ground about 11 o'clock. At about 12—time having been allowed for a little relaxation and the expenditure of some of the surplus juvenile exuberance—the schools were assembled in proper order around the platform, to listen to addresses and other exercises, which were to be the order of the day. J. M. McKim, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Association, presided and made a speech. He told the people who it was that gave this entertainment; why it was given; and why this particular day had been chosen for the purpose. This day, he said, was the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies. This day, 30 years ago, 800,000 slaves were instantly set free. Ever since then the Abolitionists and the colored people of the North had kept the 1st of August as a holiday. It used to be called the black man's Fourth of July. Until lately, the black man had no part in the 4th of July. That was Independence day for the white man, but not for the black man. Now, thank God! things are changed. We have had the Proclamation of Freedom; black men are declared to be citizens; black men wear the United States uniform. On the last National Anniversary, four weeks ago, black men celebrated the 4th of July in the President's grounds in the city of Washington!

The object of this pic nic, the speaker went on to say, was to give pleasure and to do good. It was to interest children, parents, friends, and all, in the work of education. These refreshments, so abundantly provided, are outward signs of an inward feeling on the part of the friends of the Freedmen. They show the good-will that is cherished toward the colored people, and warrant the demand which is made for their good-will and coöperation.

The Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief, the speaker said, is only one of the many associations that are engaged in this work. There are two other associations in Philadelphia, equally zealous and equally entitled to your confidence. Then there is the New York Freedmen's Association, and the Boston Association, and others, all actuated by a common spirit, and all entitled to your equal respect.

Mr. McKim was followed by the Rev. Mr. Hinton, a colored minister, who delivered an earnest and appropriate address. He thanked God for this day. He called upon the people to thank God for what was being done for them. He rejoiced in these schools; he rejoiced in these efforts to elevate the down-trodden. He was grateful to these teachers, and these associations, and to the President of the United States, for all they were doing, and he thanked God for it all. He called upon the people to do their part, and upon his brethren in the Church to do all they could to hold up the hands and encourage the hearts of those who were laboring for their benefit.

Between, and after these speeches, there was music from the band, and singing of hymns and patriotic songs by the schools, separately and in unison; and, in addition to all these, were recitations in poetry from a number of the most forward of the pupils, showing their proficiency and the skill and diligence with which they had been taught.

After this—the intellectual part of the entertainment—came the material. Provision had been made for upwards of a thousand people, and upwards of a thousand partook. There was enough and to spare for all. There was no scrambling, no disorder. Everything was done decently and in order.

After the refreshments, a place was cleared for dancing. The band took the platform, and, laying aside their brass pieces, commenced tuning their instruments with strings. Sets were arranged—made up chiefly of young men and women, brought up, or who had long lived in Washington and that neighborhood—and better dancing one rarely sees. The time was perfect; there was no exaggeration—no extravagance of movement. The music was good, and the dancers moved to its inspiration. The lookers-on enjoyed it almost as much as the actors. They kept the time with their head or feet, or both, and showed by every motion that they were for the time being in full possession of the music spirit. It was a pleasure to see them; a delight to witness their happiness. Joy beamed on every countenance; and they said to each other and to the teachers: "We never expected to see this day! Never before did we so enjoy ourselves."

At 6 o'clock the dancing ceased; the procession was re-formed, and all returned to their homes as orderly as they came.

This was a happy holiday for the Freedmen at Washington, and a profitable one. It was money well spent and labor wisely bestowed. It will long be remembered with pleasure and gratitude. It will make the work of the teachers easier, and ensure for the associations, on the part of the colored people, a more hearty coöperation. One who was Present.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XLIII., completes the Documents of the War to Sept., 1863, and contains 16 pages of Rumors, Incidents, Poetry, etc. The portraits of the number are those of Brigadier-Generals W. B. Hazen and O. W. Wilcox.

The "Companion Volume," containing important and valuable articles not embraced in the Record, is now ready. It is illustrated with portraits of John Bright, W. H. Seward, Charles Sumner, Richard Cobden, and others.

New York: G. P. Putnam, 441 Broadway.

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ., At Abington, Mass., Aug. 1, 1864.

THE First of August, the Anniversary of West India Emancipation, was celebrated by the people of Abington, Mass., who assembled in large numbers for that purpose in the beautiful "Island Grove" in that town, attracted chiefly by the expectation of listening to that eloquent champion of liberty, GEORGE THOMPSON, LL D.

The Hon. LEVI REED presided, and, an accident having prevented the arrival of Mr. Thompson before 3½ o'clock, the earlier part of the day was occupied with addresses by Edwin Thompson, Rev. Mr. Hatch of Concord, N. H., Mrs. Van Benthuysen, Rev. Mr. Hewett of South Weymouth, and Rev. L. A. Sawyer of Boston.

MR. THOMPSON, on his arrival, was introduced by the Chairman in a very pertinent address, in the course of which he alluded to Mr. T.'s visit to the same town, in 1835, for the purpose of delivering an anti-slavery address, and to the unsuccessful efforts of the apologists, for slavery to break up the meeting. The character of the town, he said, was well vindicated on that day. Stalwart men stood ready to maintain peace and order by force, if necessary, and the address was delivered, and not so much as a dog wagged his tongue in opposition. That was the last address delivered by Mr. Thompson during his first visit to America. But, sir (said Mr. Reed, addressing Mr. T.), the people of Abington have assembled to welcome you here on the first of August, 1864, the thirtieth anniversary of British Emancipation. Nearly one-third of a century has elapsed since you last spoke here, but the same love of liberty and equal rights still burns in our hearts now as then. In their name and in their behalf, I now bid you welcome. I welcome you to a country where universal emancipation has been proclaimed, and where we hope soon to see it an accomplished fact. I welcome you to the healthful skies and verdant fields of New England. I bid you welcome, thrice welcome, to the good old town of Abington where the people are more than ready to efface all memory of past wrongs by a cordial reception to-day. I welcome you in the belief that soon every slave in the land shall stand "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation" (loud applause).

Speech of Mr. Thompson.

MR. THOMPSON, after explaining the circumstances by which his arrival at an earlier hour had been prevented, proceeded as follows:

Sir, I well remember that meeting to which you have referred in the good town of Abington. At that meeting, I made the last speech which I delivered in the United States during my first visit to this country; for immediately after the delivery of that speech, it was thought by my friends that I should become conspicuous by my absence, and on my own native shores seek that safety which they could not promise me here. I recollect well that at that meeting I ventured to prophesy that the people of New England, the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, though they detested me, loathed me, and were about to spew me out—and they did so—would yet overcome their repugnance to anti-slavery principles, and that I should live to see Massachusetts standing upon those principles and battling for their maintenance (applause).

My friends, I *have* lived to see that day. Driven out of your country in 1835, obliged to depart from the city of Boston when the church bells had ceased to toll, and the congregations were assembled in the many Christian temples of the metropolis of New York; carried down—smuggled down, rather—to the wharf in a close carriage, with the blinds drawn down, hastily put on board ship, and told to go at once into the cabin and be invisible until I had got out of sight of the shores of the United States of America—departing thence, and in this way, in 1835—loathed, execrated, the outlaw of America—I return in 1864; and how different my reception! I went in a little brig of about 150 tons; I return in a magnificent steamer of about 2,000 tons. The stately vessel comes alongside the wharf at East Boston, and three gentlemen step on board, who introduce themselves as officers of the customs, and assure me that I shall be put to no trouble in the way of an examination of my baggage, that a carriage is in waiting to carry me to my lodgings, and that they shall be glad to render me any assistance in their power. Not this alone, but in a few days, in the magnificent Music Hall in Boston, the Governor, the thrice noble Governor of this State, welcomes me to the Old Bay State, as the guest of Massachusetts.

But, sir, to the business of this day. I am anxious to recall to the recollection of those who have read the history of our great emancipation movement in England, and to state for the information of those who have not read that history, one or two facts relating to it. I want you to go back to the time when the germ of that great movement which issued not only in the abolition of the slave trade, but in the abolition of slavery, first manifested itself.

In the year 1785, a humane man—the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—announced a prize for the best Latin essay on the question, "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" A young man, then a student in one of the colleges, entered into the competition. He construed the words of the thesis into a reference to the African slave trade, and resolved to prepare his essay accordingly. He was wholly ignorant on the subject, and had but a few weeks for the accomplishment of his task. He gained access to the manuscripts of a deceased slave-trader, and held conversations with some officers who had been in the West Indies. By accident he saw an advertisement of Anthony Benezet's "Historical Account of Guinea," and hastened to London to buy it. The contents were all he wanted, and he sat down to his work. That work he had entered upon as a contest for academical distinction, but he soon found it changed into a painful investigation into the character and details of an inhuman system, the curse of the world, and the scandal of his country. As he proceeded, his imagination was filled with horror, and his heart melted with pity; sleep fled from his eyes and tranquillity from his soul. He finished his essay, he read it in the Senate, he received the prize, and, with his manuscript in his pocket, he started for London. Let his own pen describe what took place on the way: "I became at times seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally, and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself in these intervals that the contents of my essay could not be true. The more, however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the roadside, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind [oh, what a thought was that in its influence and its consequences!], that if the contents of the essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home." The man into whose mind that thought came was Thomas Clarkson—

"He was the foremost minister of grace,
The new Las Casas of a ruined race;
With angel might be braved the powers of hell,
And fought, like Michael, till the dragon fell."

There have been men connected with the cause which brings us here to-day, who have exhibited powers more brilliant than those of Mr. Clarkson, who was not distinguished as an orator, and never aspired to be a statesman; but for simplicity of character, for purity of motive, for disinterested benevolence, for earnestness of purpose and religious devotion to the work he undertook, he has had no superior. Well, God sent him help. He found it first amongst those who are most truly called "The Society of Friends." A Dillwyn and a Phillips became his coadjutors, and in George-yard, Lombard street, they together concerted the publication of the essay which the Cambridge student had now translated. In time, a Parliamentary Committee was obtained, and it was the evidence collected by Mr. Clarkson, and laid before that Committee, which arrested the attention of Mr. Wilberforce, and secured to the cause the services of that illustrious orator and philanthropist. "His eloquence (I quote the words of the eloquent Lord Brougham) was of the highest order. It was persuasive and pathetic in an eminent degree; but it was occasionally bold and impassioned, animated by the inspiration which deep feeling alone can breathe into spoken thought, chastened by a pure taste, varied by extensive information, enriched by classical allusions, sometimes elevated by the more sublime topics of Holy Writ—the thoughts

'That wrapt Isaiah's hallowed soul in fire.'"

Mr. Wilberforce was not without co-workers in the two Houses of Parliament. Amongst them were many illustrious names—Viscount Howic (afterwards Earl Grey), Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), Lord Grenville, Lord Holland, William Pitt, and Edmund Burke.

The members of the Society of Friends in England were among the most zealous auxiliaries in the movement. They created a very wide and strong public excitement in favor of the abolition of the slave trade. Yet, notwithstanding the religious and moral and humane feelings of the community in Great Britain were deeply moved upon the question, and petitions almost without number were, session after session, Parliament after Parliament, presented in favor of the abolition of the inhuman traffic, still it had the sanction and protection of the Imperial Legislature, and continued for seven and twenty or eight and twenty years after Mr. Clarkson commenced his agitation, until Charles James Fox, one of our greatest orators, came into the administration; and while he had control of public affairs, he passed a bill through both Houses of Parliament, abolishing forever the African slave trade.

Those who had interested themselves in the removal of this opprobrium upon the character and Christianity of the country did not disband, but continued in association, and went on in their efforts, in view of procuring a mitigation of the evils of slavery in the West India colonies, and with the view, also, of obtaining the passage of measures in Parliament that should promote the gradual abolition of slavery. But, however well meant these efforts might have been—and they were most pure in their intention and benevolent in their design—they were wholly ineffectual. All their attempts to mitigate the evils of slavery were vain; all their attempts to alleviate the sorrows and burdens of the slave were vain; all their attempts to obtain resolutions or colonial laws looking to the extinction of slavery at some future time were vain. They were worse than vain. They irritated the proprietors. They led the planters in the West Indies to form colonial societies for the suppression of missionary operations, and for the banishment of all those who had been sent to the West Indies to instruct the juvenile negro population. They proceeded to outrage and violence. They burned down the chapels of the missionaries. They razed to their foundations the schools for the negro children. They threw one missionary into a dungeon on a false charge of inciting the slaves to revolt; and in that dungeon he died, a martyr to the holy cause to which he had devoted himself. They sent several missionaries home after they had tarred and feathered and otherwise abused them. But they little thought what they were doing. Like that madness which has seized upon the slaveholders of this continent, they were but precipitating the destruction both of themselves and the institution they desired to perpetuate. This act on the part of the colonial assemblies and their myrmidons in the West India Islands only rendered the opposition to slavery in Great Britain the stronger and the more resolute; and in 1832, an event took place which greatly facilitated the attainment of the object which the Abolitionists had in view. That circumstance was the passage of a reform bill—a bill extending very considerably beyond the then basis of representation in England, the franchise of the people. After that bill was passed, and a new Parliament was to be assembled, I (who had been for some years previously in the field, traversing England) went through the country again and again, from end to end, journeying as fast as locomotives—though there were but few railroads then—and post-chaises and gigs, and all other conveyances could transport me, with a view of arousing the newly enfranchised constituency to the duty they had now to discharge of consecrating their virgin franchise to the sacred cause of the abolition of slavery; and by these appeals to the various constituencies of the United Kingdom, we sent into the first reform Parliament of Great Britain a majority of men pledged to the immediate, unconditional, and total abolition of slavery (applause).

That measure was passed in 1833. Mr. Garrison was in England while it was being discussed in the two Houses of Parliament. In company with Mr. Garrison, I visited the venerable William Wilberforce, a few weeks only before his death, but not until he had received the assurance of the certainty of that great measure being carried; and it was our privilege to be witness of his ecstatic joy in the contemplation of the speedy accomplishment of the great work to which he had devoted half a century of his life. It was our privilege to hear him say—"Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He was then upon the brink of the grave. A few weeks afterwards he died. His remains were brought to London; a public funeral was voted to him; a tomb was assigned him in that noblest of all our cathedral edifices, Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Garrison and I followed in the long train of those who accompanied the lifeless body of William Wilberforce to his last resting-place, and, with princes of the blood, with peers of the realm, with the highest commoners in the land, with the humblest citizens, and with a goodly number of that race to whose interests Mr. Wilberforce had devoted himself, we saw all of him that was mortal laid in the grave, between William Pitt and Charles James Fox.

"So sleep the good, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest;
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
By fairy hands their knell is wrung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

And I venture to say that that good man and great man who "still lives" to behold the germination and the fruition of that seed which through his life, ever since he was a boy, he has been scattering over this land—I venture to predict that that good and great man, who has been the object of calumny and derision and misrepresentation and persecution in this country, like his predecessor, William Wilberforce, shall receive in this country a similar tribute to the noble and sublime consecration of his life to the cause of humanity; and as the memory of William Wilberforce is hallowed in England, so the name of William Lloyd Garrison will be cherished and embalmed in the love and veneration of the people of America (loud applause).

The bill for emancipation took effect, as your respected Chairman has told you, the first of August, 1834. To-day we are assembled on the first of August, 1864. A generation has passed away, and we have now abundant opportunity of determining what have been the results flowing from the great act that was consummated thirty years ago. As in this country in recent years, so in Great Britain in former years, there were numerous predictions of scenes of outrage and violence and desolation that would most certainly follow the emancipation of the negroes from their chains. Have any of these predictions been accomplished? Let us see. Respecting the emancipation of the negroes, I may say, without risk of contradiction, that the annals of our race would be searched in vain for a parallel instance of a transition so sudden and complete from slavery to freedom, so undisfigured by any abuse of the power which liberty bestows. Thirty years ago, at midnight, on the 31st of July, 1834, the negro was a slave—a chattel in the eye of the law—who might not call his head, his hands, his heart, his wife, his child, his thought, his soul his own. The hour struck, and in a moment his chains fell; his condition changed; the brute became a man; and he passed forever from the degradation of a slave into the dignity and responsibilities of a free man. What did he do? Did he gather up the manacles which had fallen at his feet and hurl them in defiance at the head of his former oppressor? Did he assert his liberty by grappling—free man with free man—with him who had robbed him of his person, mulcted him in his wages, scourged him to his labor, polluted his home, and made merchandise of his children? How he acted, it is needless here to tell. The record of his manly and Christian virtues is written. It is written in the annals of every Missionary Society; in the dispatches of every Colonial government; in the journals of every traveller; and in the imperishable archives of the State. Had the negro been for fifty years under the management of the bench of Bishops, he could not have accepted the gift of free-

dom in a more becoming manner, or celebrated it in a more Christian way. Well, thirty years have passed away since the slaves were emancipated, and what are they now? They are free men; exercising the liberty, the rights, the privileges and power of free men. Have they abused their liberty to the destruction or injury of their former oppressors? Have they relapsed into barbarism, and the usual vices and slothfulness of barbarians? Have they slighted or misused their opportunities for the advancement of their material, moral, intellectual, or spiritual improvement? I point to the facts for an answer. They are industrious cultivators, and often the independent freeholders of the soil. They are the liberal promoters of education. They are the devout members of Christian Churches. They sustain out of their own resources the worship of God, and the various religious institutions of their own locality, and even send to the treasuries of Societies in Great Britain their liberal contributions. There is no department of agricultural, commercial, mechanical, or political life, into which they have not entered, and in which they have not creditably distinguished themselves. Who, then, regrets emancipation? Who would go back to the old state of things? For myself, I will say, that for all the wealth ever drawn from the sugar fields of the West Indies, to swell the bloated fortunes of absentee slave proprietors, I would not go back to the 31st of July, 1834. Still speaking for myself, I will say, could we gain a similar end, by the same means, and with the like results, in Cuba and the United States, I would gladly see every rice, cotton, and tobacco plantation perish (applause).

What is the condition of the negro of the West Indies now? And while I am describing his condition, and looking back thirty years, I ask you to look thirty years before you; and what I decribe the 800,000 human beings, made free in 1834, to be in 1864, I will undertake to say (and trust I may look down to see the realization of my prophecy) that you will witness on this continent thirty years hence, in the conduct and status of four million of your fellow-citizens in this part of the world. The negro in the West Indies can now vote for his representative in the Colonial Assembly, and may even aspire to a seat there himself. More than that, he has gained a seat in the Colonial Assembly, and in that Assembly you will see white men and black men sitting together upon terms of absolute equality, and making laws for the colony in which they are all equal citizens. This is a proud day for the negro all over the world, and it is observed as such wherever there are negroes free to celebrate it. It encourages the negro still in bondage to look through his dungeon bars to the light beyond, and to anticipate the day when he too will trample on his rusting shackles, and stand erect and free.

So much for West India emancipation and its results. Now a word about emancipation in this country, and then I may perhaps be excused if I resume my seat. What has been doing in this country for thirty years? Thirty years ago, this nation was in a condition of slumber on the question of slavery; to a great extent indifferent. One voice there was crying in the wilderness, but who heeded that voice? One newspaper there was, without subscribers, without patronage, and five thousand dollars were offered for the head of its editor by the State of Georgia; but, thanks to that God whose watchful providence is over the instruments which he selects to accomplish his own purposes, that head still remains upon the shoulders of the man to whom it belongs, clear and bright as ever, exhibiting an intellect as sagacious, and connected with a heart as pure and as noble, as it was thirty years ago. Well, since then, anti-slavery seed has been sown. For ten years, it was sown without any apparent effect. There was no result to be seen in the awakening Churches or in the action of the political parties of the country. So far from it, the Churches of the North were one with the Churches of the South in vindication of slavery, and in making apologies for it, even from the Bible itself. But after ten years, we find anti-slavery principles taking an outward and visible form, in the shape of political action. I know enough of Americans to know that they must eventually carry everything to the ballot-box, and always expected that when anti-slavery principles had obtained to any considerable extent, they would be exhibited in the form of political action; and so in 1840, although many Abolitionists, and many of the best Abolitionists in this country refused to vote, considering that they could neither act the part of voters, nor by their votes give their sanction to men in Congress in doing that which the Constitution called upon them to do, yet there were others, high-minded and humane men, who said, "Let us give to our principles an open and manifest form"; and so in a village called Warsaw, in the State of New York, a Convention of a handful of Abolitionists nominated as a candidate for the Presidential chair a repentant slaveholder, who had emancipated his bondmen in Kentucky, had come North, had joined the Abolitionists, and had been for some years earnestly working in the ranks. Well, how many votes were given for the first anti-slavery candidate that was ever presented to the constituency of America? Out of a million and three-quarters of qualified voters, Mr. James G. Birney had 7,300. That was the number in the Israel of that day who refused to bow down to the bloody Moloch of slavery in the Southern States. Four years went by; Mr. Birney was renominated. When he was nominated the first time, he was called the candidate of the Third party; when nominated the second time, he was the candidate of what was called the Liberty party.

Well, in 1848, Mr. Van Buren was nominated upon an anti-slavery platform—measurably so; looking just as far as the Constitution allowed the people to look, in those days, with the view of mitigating the evils of slavery; and by a union with the Barnburners of New York, 271,000 votes were obtained out of about two million of votes. Four years later, Mr. Hale was nominated as the candidate of the Free Soil party; but, there being no Barnburners to help the Abolitionists, the number sunk down to 156,000. Then, between 1852 and 1856, owing to the ceaseless aggressions of the South, to the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, to their repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to their invasion of Kansas, to the decision given in the case of Dred Scott, etc., the number of political anti-slavery men had swollen the number from 156,000, who were the supporters of Mr. Hale, to more than 1,300,000, who were the supporters of Fremont. You know that that same party continued its organization, and fought a successful battle in the next Presidential campaign; and in 1860, for the first time in the history of this country as an independent nation, its government was changed from a government administered in the interest of slavery to a government administered in the spirit and in the interest of liberty (applause). You know what has been the result. Secession—secession even before Mr. Lincoln left his home in Illinois to proceed to Washington to take his inaugural oath. The secession commenced in the December, 1860, following the Presidential election in November, when South Carolina seceded, and between the 20th of December, 1860, and the 24th or 26th of February, 1861, seven States had seceded, had armed and elected a Congress, had chosen a President; and whereas there had been but one United States, one President, one Constitution, one Congress, one army, and one navy, your States were split in twain, and there was the spectacle presented to the world of a shattered empire, State at war with State, citizen with citizen, man with man, and even brother with brother. What has done this? Slavery! I take all the calamities in the aggregate that have befallen this nation during the last three years, and lay them to the account of slavery. Slavery has ever been the cause of whatever has troubled this nation or seriously menaced its integrity. It has always been a root of bitterness, springing up to trouble you; always a fly in your pot of ointment, always a black spot upon your escutcheon; always a dark cloud in the horizon, threatening to o'ercast the skies, and bring gloom upon your country. Slavery has done this.

But, my friends, I prefer to-day to leave matters which are mournful, and which cannot be touched upon without awakening feelings of poignant regret and anguish, and ask you to look upon that which has transpired which is of a nature to call forth our thankfulness and our mutual congratulations. During these two years and a half of fearful and bloody conflict, the work of emancipation has gone gloriously on. You may have wondered, many of you, and great complaints have been made, that England was not, in the beginning of this great struggle, found upon your side; that is to say, that there were not those utterances on the part of leading men of England, and on the part of the Abolitionists of England, that were of a nature to inspirit you in your conflict with the enemies of freedom at the South. Allow me to tell you, that from the first, the great mass of the people of England have been with you, so far as you have been true to the cause of the slave. But at the time when secession became an accomplished fact, and Mr. Lincoln was called upon, as President of the United States, to engage in civil strife with the seceded States of the South, some circumstances transpired of a very questionable character, and not of a nature to lead the anti-slavery public of Great Britain to entertain any great confidence in the purpose of the people of the North to make this war the means of uprooting slavery. Need I tell you how guarded was the language of Mr. Lincoln's Inaugural Address?—how he endeavored, by the most honied words, by the most seductive phrases, by the most solemn promises, to keep the Southern States from going out of the Union finally? He made the promise that he would cheerfully sign such an amendment of the Constitution as would forever deprive Congress of the power to interfere with slavery in the South. That was not a speech to inspire the Abolitionists of England with the idea that Mr. Lincoln meant to take advantage of the rebellion to secure the abolition of slavery.

Then, again, one of the first acts of Congress was to pass a series of resolutions expressly and emphatically declaring that there was no intention on the part of the government to disturb the existing state of things at the South, or to alter the status of a single colored person in the slave States.

Then, again, there were the letters sent by your Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, to your representatives at all the foreign courts, to the effect that they were not to allow the idea to get abroad that the war was going to effect a change in the institution of slavery. It would be a "thirty days" affair; and then it was to end in "sixty days"; and then in "ninety days"; and in any case, the struggle, however long it might endure, would make no change in regard to the institution of slavery. And then the conduct of your most distinguished generals! You remember how one offered his command to the Governor of a slave State to put down an insurrection, if one took place there; how another ostentatiously published a general order, saying that he was prepared to crush a revolt among the slaves "with an iron hand"; how others sent back fugitive slaves to their masters, protected the property of slaveholders, and gave every evidence that men could give of their desire to preserve slavery as well as to restore the Union. But from the moment that Mr. Lincoln gave the first indication of an intention to avail himself of his rightful authority as President and Commander-in-Chief to wage war with slavery—from that moment, the great mass of the English people have been with you.

On the 7th of March, 1862, Mr. Lincoln sent a message to Congress, recommending the passage of a resolution, which he enclosed, which resolution in effect pledged the nation to an equitable indemnification of the planters of the slave States if they would adopt measures either for gradual or immediate abolition. When I read that message, as I did at the breakfast table of a friend in Leeds, England, I said, "This is the beginning of the end." I went into town; I engaged the Music Hall; I delivered a lecture upon that message, and I did all possible justice both to the President and the people of this country; and I ventured to predict that that was the commencement of a series of measures that would eventuate in the extinction of slavery upon American soil. Ten thousand copies of this address were scattered in tract form in that country; and from that hour until I embarked for this country, I was ceaseless in going through the country, and endeavoring to awaken the people of England to a liberal, active sympathy for the cause which you are maintaining here.

Well, since that time, a series of measures has passed through your two houses of legislation, and received the sanction of your President, which has no parallel in the history of human legislation. Just look back, my friends, a little while, and when you have taken your retrospect, let your hearts be glad, and gird up your loins for the accomplishment of the work which yet remains to be done. What was the pivot upon which your last Presidential election turned? It was upon the question of allowing slavery to go into the Territories—those sixteen hundred thousand square miles of Northwestern Territory which you desired to preserve to freedom and free labor, but upon which slavery had cast a covetous eye, as the Jewish monarch did upon Naboth's vineyard. Well, how has that question been settled? Why, an act has been passed by your Legislature at Washington, securing that vast territory forever to freedom, and to freedom alone; and it remains to be the heritage of millions upon millions, who, when they are ploughing up that fertile soil and gathering rich harvests from its bosom, shall bless the name of Abraham Lincoln for the great measure that rescued that territory from slavery (loud applause).

When I was last among you, what was the state of things in Washington? Why, it was a seat of the domestic slave trade, and it had a permanent population of slaves. It was full of slave prisons, slave pens, slave auction marts, slave coffles, and slave vessels at the port of Alexandria. What is the state of Washington to-day? Not a slave to be found; not a slave prison; not a slave auction block; not a slave coffle; not a trace of slavery. What is the status of every colored man in Washington at this hour? He who was a chattel is a man; and more than a man, a citizen; and more than a citizen, qualified to be a citizen soldier. Aye, all distinctions of color have been obliterated; and now within the ten miles square, the seat of your national government, the horse cars that ply daily and hourly in all parts of the District carry passengers without distinction of color, thus giving to the world at last that noble spectacle, for which we have so long looked, of a government at Washington neither disgraced by unchristian prejudice nor practicing the inhuman institution of slavery (applause). Why, only four or five days ago, that most respectable Copperhead journal in New York, called *The Day Book*, went into a fit, or, at all events, into something very like hysterics, in consequence of something that had been done in Washington, which, it said, had polluted the White House and its environs; something which had made Mr. Lincoln infamous in the eyes of his country, disqualified him for the office which he filled, etc., etc. What was the sin which Mr. Lincoln had committed? What act had he done by which he had desecrated the White House, polluted the grounds around it, and rendered himself unworthy of the office to which he was elected? Why, Mr. Lincoln, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of its forces, and occupant of right of the White House at Washington, had actually given his consent that certain colored Sunday schools in Washington might come within the grounds of the Presidential mansion on the 4th of July, to enjoy a pic-nic! (Laughter.) But more than that, said *The Day Book*: not only did he grant the grounds, but he said, "I will come in amongst you, and have some enjoyment with you" (applause). I say, God bless Abraham Lincoln for that! (Applause.) I do not think the institutions of your country have much to suffer from a congregation of pic-nicking colored children. I believe that upon no event in your history has the eye of God ever looked with greater satisfaction than upon that gathering of colored children in the grounds of the Presidential mansion in Washington, upon the 4th of July. I say it was a grander day, that 4th of July, than the 4th of July, 1776. Then you were struggling for independence for yourselves; now you declare before Heaven that you are in favor of liberty for all.

Well, my friends, what more? Why, time would fail to tell the deeds that have been done in the direction of emancipation during the last two years and a half. What about the slave trade? New York formerly fitted out forty vessels for the African slave trade. Of course, they got fraudulent papers. Of course, they did not clear for the coast of Africa. O, no; they got papers as though they were bound upon an honest voyage; but they were known to be slavers; their names were published constantly in the New York *Evening Post*, *The Tribune*, and other papers. But they got their papers, and then at the Cape de Verds they put in their false decks, and all the other hellish paraphernalia of the slave trade, proceeded to the coast of Africa, and plundered that unhappy continent of her children, and then set sail for Cuba or some other of the slave markets that disgrace this western part of the world. Now, all that is at an end; New York is clear from this stain; and the government, to prove its detestation of slave-trading, has executed a slave-trader upon a gibbet, and refused to extend to him the clemency which is the prerogative of the Chief Magistrate. And what of the internal slave trade?—a trade, in my judgment, almost as infamous as the African slave trade; that breeding of slaves in Virginia, Maryland, and the border States generally, for sale at the South. It is annihilated; and now, even if the Union should be restored with slavery in it, while the present laws of Congress stand, there can be no inter-State slave trade.

Then comes that glorious proclamation of the first of January, 1863, which will cause Mr. Lincoln's name to go down to posterity amongst those few consecrated names of men who have used human power for human good, and have ennobled the station to which they were lifted by exercising the power it gave them in the cause of humanity.

I might come down, and recapitulate still other measures. For instance, that great measure of the enrolment of colored soldiers; so that at this hour, while I am speaking, 150,000 of this once despised race wear the United States uniform, receive the United States pay, and are serving the United States in the South, and nobly devoting their blood and lives, if necessary, in the cause for which you are contending. And let me not forget one of the latest acts of your National Legislature—that erasure from the statute book of this country of that audacious and impious and execrable Fugitive Slave law. When I was last amongst you, all New England was a hunting-ground, over which two-legged wolves were always prowling for their prey. Kidnappers came up from the South, got their warrants endorsed by Commissioners here at the North, and dragged the fugitive slave, aye, even out of the sanctuaries of New England. That day is gone by. No more will the court-house of Boston be hung in chains; no more will such scenes be exhibited in the Puritan city of Boston as have been witnessed by some by whom I am surrounded to-day.

My friends, let me congratulate you that these events have taken place. Now we have a history in common. You have had a glory all your own, and my country has had a glory all her own. You were first in the order of time. Your glory consisted in this: that in 1776 you published to the world your Declaration of Independence, and that Declaration asserted, as a self-evident truth, that God had created all men free and equal. That was your glory. That it was that made the expectant nations stand to catch by turns the torch that you had lighted. Our glory has consisted, for the last thirty years, not in the extent of our dominions, not in the invincible character of our arms, not in our unbounded wealth, nor our industrial arts—in nothing of this sort; but in this, that we did that which you declared to be right, but forgot to do. We recognized in acts what you had declared in words; and perhaps the purest and brightest lustre belonging to the character of the country of which I am a native and a subject is this—that thirty years ago she "unloosed the bands of wickedness, opened the prison doors," and sent Wilberforce up to heaven with the broken chains of nearly a million of slaves in his hands. And your glory will be hereafter, not so much in this, that you declared all men free and equal, but that, years after that Declaration was made, you put those words into practice, and carried out in deed that which you had previously asserted as a self-evident truth.

My friends, my hope and prayer is that this great work may soon be absolutely accomplished. There is much remaining for you to do, and nothing should be considered as done while aught remains to be done. You yet have slaves amongst you; you yet have hosts of men who are battling for the defence of slavery, for the preservation and for the future establishment or reëstablishment of slavery. You have got to subdue these domestic foes; you have got to uproot, to annihilate that Slave Oligarchy which has hitherto dominated over this nation; and when they shall have been swept from the face of the land, or rendered innocuous by the destruction of that slavery which they have hitherto lived only to support, from that moment you will commence a new and infinitely more glorious and illustrious history than that which belongs to you at present.

My friends, I esteem it a great privilege to be amongst you to-day, and to mingle my congratulations with yours at the prospects that lie before you. I thank you for the testimony that has been borne, through the lips of your Chairman, to the credit of my own country; and I thank him and you for the tribute you have been pleased to pay to me, as a very humble laborer in that work which was accomplished thirty years ago. I can only say, in taking my seat, that I trust you will soon be able here, and all over the country, to celebrate the utter destruction of slavery in your own country, so that through all coming time, England the mother and America the daughter may go hand in hand together in the great work of propagating throughout the world those sublime principles which lie at the foundation of man's independence and freedom, and of the prosperity and glory of nations. Together may we go forth, conquering and to conquer, until the car of Liberty shall make the circuit of the globe, and grind to powder, beneath its triumphant wheels, every institution opposed either to the honor of God or the interests or liberty of men (loud applause).

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for July (L. Scott & Co.'s American Edition, 38 Walker st.) contains the following articles: Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, etc., Part VI.; The Education and Training of Naval Officers; Letters from the Principalities, No. II.; Tony Butler, Part X.; The Napoleonic Idea in Mexico; The London Art Season; Padre Bandelli Proses to the Duke Ludovico Sforza about Leonardo da Vinci; Leonardo da Vinci Poetises to the Duke in his own Defence; The Perpetual Curate, Part XII.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

ATTACK ON MOBILE.

On Tuesday morning we had news (coming in the shape of a dispatch from the rebel commander at Mobile to the rebel Secretary of War, and sent to Gen. Dix by Secretary Stanton) that on Friday, the 5th inst., Admiral Farragut, with seventeen vessels (fourteen gunboats and three monitors), steamed up the mouth of Mobile harbor to Fort Morgan, which defends it, and that an action ensued between the rebel fort and vessels and our fleet. The rebels report that Fort Morgan sunk one of our monitors; but on the other hand admit that their great cuirassed ram, the Tennessee, surrendered after a desperate engagement, in which Admiral Buchanan lost a leg and was taken prisoner. Beside this, the Selma was captured; the Gaines was beached, and only the Morgan is reported safe and trying to escape. It was further reported by the rebel General that the Union fleet had approached the city, and was attacking other works; but its surrender or capture is not yet announced. Further intelligence is hourly expected. The utmost confidence is felt by the military authorities that the hero of New Orleans will capture the rebel city within a short time. Confidence is expressed that the report of the sinking of the Tecumseh will prove to be unfounded, as it is believed that there were no guns in the rebel forts capable of penetrating her armor.

THE LATEST REBEL RAID.

The week has been prolific of rumors in regard to the movements of the rebels on the borders of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The latest news is of a defeat of the rebel forces in West Virginia—west of the Shenandoah, that is—by Gen. Averill. The marauders under McCausland and Bradley Johnson have been effectually dispersed, with loss of four guns and six hundred prisoners—one of their leaders barely escaping capture. The victory is gratifying, and will prove very helpful to Gen. Sheridan's operations.

The four border departments have been consolidated and placed under command of Gen. Sheridan, and it is hoped that the confusion which lately prevailed in that region is at end, and that the rebels will be well taken care of.

FROM GEN. SHERMAN.

From Gen. Sherman's army we have the intelligence that Gen. Stoneman, on the 26th ult., sent a large force of cavalry, under command of Gen. McCook, to destroy the Macon and Western Railroad. They destroyed some 18 miles of the road, and then started to capture a rebel train of 500 wagons, going from Atlanta to Macon or Columbus. This they succeeded in doing, but were afterwards attacked by a greatly superior force under Gen. Ransom, and, after a desperate engagement, were obliged to surrender. It is supposed that the rebels captured at least two thousand of our men.

THE FAILURE BEFORE PETERSBURG.

It is understood that Gens. Meade and Burnside severally cast the blame of the last flasco before Petersburg on each other. It seems that on the night before the attack, certain modifications were made by General Meade in the plan of assault, which had been agreed on with Gen. Burnside. The latter claims that this gave him the notion that "Gen. Meade" would personally be present to superintend the attack; but the result was that neither Meade nor Burnside were there, and an operation which, of all others, demands the personal presence, intelligence and inspiration of the leader of the army was left a helpless affair. The Court of Inquiry, now in session in the case will, it is to be hoped, develop all the facts, and affix the blame where it properly belongs.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

COLORED SOLDIERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

To The Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: While confined in Charleston Jail, S. C., in June last, as a prisoner of war, the following note was placed in my hands, and the accompanying list. Massachusetts journals are requested to give them wide circulation. Respectfully yours,

AN EXCHANGED OFFICER.

New York, August 9, 1864.

SIR: I do, in behalf of my fellow-prisoners, earnestly hope and pray that this may be the means, through you, sir, of procuring our release. The privations of the *white* soldiers are nothing in comparison to ours, in our destitute condition, being, as it were, without friends, and in the enemy's hands, with an almost utter hopelessness of being released, and not having heard from our families or friends since we were captured.

MASS.

LIST OF COLORED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS HELD AS PRISONERS OF WAR AT CHARLESTON, S. C., JUNE 13, 1864.

Corp. Ralph B. Gardener, Co. A, 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
James Allen, Co. A, 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
William F. Hill, Co. A., 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
Corp. Charles Hardy, Co. B, 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
Lemuel Blake, Co. B, 54th Mass., captured at James Island, July 14, 1863.
Geo. Ccunsel, Co. B, 54th Mass., captured at James Island, July 14, 1863.
George Grant, captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.

Samuel Wilson.	Jesse Brown.
William Rigsly.	Alfred Green.
Daniel States.	Cornelius Henson, Co. C.
Geo. F. Prosser, Co. D.	Nathaniel Hurley, Co. E.
Wm. Grover.	Wm. Butler.
Jefferson Hills, Co. F.	Geo. Mushroom.
John Gray.	George Thomas.
Charles Stanton, Co. G.	Solomon Anderson.

Sergt. Walter A. Jeffries, Co. H, captured July 16, 1863, at James Island, S. C.

Corp. A. Williams, Co. H.	Wm. H. Kirk, Co. H.

Wm. H. Worthington, Co. H.

John W. Dixon, Co. H, 54th Mass.	
James Caldwell.	Joseph Proctor.
John Leatherman.	Enos Smith.
Wm. H. Harrison.	Fred. Wallace.

Israel Williams.

Sergt. Alfred Whiting, Co. I, captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.

Stuart Woods.	Baltimore Smith.

Joseph Beard, Co. K.

Sergeant Robt. Johnson, Jr., Co. F, 55th Mass., captured at N. Edisto Island, S. C., Nov. 12, 1864.
Edward Logan, Co. F, 55th Mass., captured at N. Edisto Island, S. C., Nov. 12, 1863.
Oren Brown, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.
Wm. Johnson, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.
Wm. Wilson, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.
Wm. Taylor, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.
James Mellet, U. S. frigate Wabash, captured at Fort Sumter.

The Editor of *The Tribune* says:

"The above list of 46 colored soldiers belonging to the 54th and 55th Massachusetts regiments, now held as prisoners in Charleston, S. C., was sent us by a white officer of distinction, recently exchanged, and who had also been confined in Charleston. Of its authenticity there can be no doubt, and the friends of these poor fellows, who have heard nothing of them for more than a year, will be greatly releived to know that they are, at least, still alive. The number of colored soldiers taken prisoners in the Department of the South during the last year is probably more than double the number here reported, but no doubt their numbers have been thinned by death. It is not impossible, however, that there may be other survivors than those whose names are given in this list imprisoned either in Charleston, or somewhere else in South Carolina. It is, at any rate, a relief to be assured that this number have been held as prisoners of war, and not summarily shot or sold into slavery. In their case the barbarous policy announced by the rebel authorities as to be followed in regard to all colored men taken in arms has not been adhered to; and it is only another proof that our own government can, if they will insist upon justice being done by all our soldiers, compel the rebels to grant it. It is undoubtedly to the fear of retaliation, in case of their massacre or enslavement, that these men owe it that they are held as prisoners of war. And it is for the government to say whether all negro troops who shall be taken by the rebels shall be assured of that measure of mercy."

THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY—OBSTACLES TO RECRUITING.

A correspondent of the Louisville (Ky.) *Press*, writing from Clarksville, Tenn., says:

Clarksville has been the scene of very successful recruiting of colored troops, but the business is not very brisk at present, owing to the fact that the people outside of the lines guard the avenues to the town, and turn back the black men who are coming in. They exercise the greatest brutality in not a few cases, that have become known, and more than one poor slave, flying to freedom, lies with bleaching bones in the dark woods. Still many come in, and all that are able at once enlist. The other day an old man came in, and told a pitiful tale, that, as he and his son, on their way in, lay in the wood sleeping, a white man, armed, came upon them, beat them and captured the boy, while the old man escaped. This white blackguard, who is known, is an example of the class with which Kentucky and Tennessee is cursed—the slavery born, grocery bred, and cross-road corner educated chivalrous Southerner; idle, lazy, mean, and good for nothing but the dirty work of hunting negroes, which the masters of the slaves would scorn to do.

Another black man came in who told and verified this. He was hired to the Hon. Cave Johnson, and lived on his plantation. Two weeks ago to-day—Sunday—it having rained, the overseer ordered the man to plant tobacco. He remonstrated, said he was hired, and entitled to the day for his own use, and, besides, had his own little patch to look to. He was brought before Mr. Johnson, and still declined to work. Mr. J. ordered him to be whipped. The man ran for the woods, when Mr. Johnson—once a member of the Cabinet, a man of mark among great men—gave the overseer a pistol, and brutally ordered him to shoot the flying negro. Fortunately the man was not hit, and he safely made his way in. Mr. Johnson is old—they say his once bright intellect is faded; but the act was one of instinct. It was precisely what was once practised, and nothing was known of it, or at least done regarding it. This is the system which, please God, we will destroy forever next November, by the election of Abraham Lincoln and Andy Johnson.

THE DROWNED SOLDIERS OF THE U. S. C. TROOPS.

JAMES ISLAND, S. C., July 9, 1864.

Editor of The Palmetto Herald:

SIR: The most distressing casualty that has occurred during the present campaign against this island is the drowning of twenty enlisted men of the 21st Regiment U. S. C. T., on the night of Saturday, the 2d instant. Nearly all these ill-fated men had families living at Mitchelville, or on the plantations on Hilton Head Island. A detachment of the 21st Regiment U. S. C. T., under command of Capt. Willoughby, of that regiment, was crossing the Stono River, from Legareville to James Island, in two pontoon boats. When fairly under way, a steamboat met the detachment; some one hailed Capt. W. and told him that the captain of the steamer had orders to take the boats in tow. They were accordingly hitched on; the steamer started at full speed, and one of the boats instantly swamped and sunk with all on board. Col. Hosley, of the 54th N. Y. V., was rescued, also the oarsmen. Each soldier had his gun and 80 rounds of ammunition, also one day's ration in his haversack. Five of the men in the boat had the presence of mind to cut the belts of their cartridge-boxes and throw off their haversacks in time to save their lives; all the others went down to rise no more alive. The small boats of the steamer were immediately lowered and manned, and thorough search made by Capt. Willoughby for any that might be left struggling for life. The five above mentioned and the Colonel were all that were saved. The bodies were nearly all recovered and buried on James Island.

J. M. H.

COLORED REFUGEES AT HARRISBURG.

Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 3.—This city is crowded with refugees, generally from the Cumberland Valley, but the most likely to attract attention are the negroes, whose destitution and misery are strikingly manifest. They are here in large numbers, and are mostly quartered in the Pennsylvania depot, whose officers, for this generosity, will ever be remembered by these grateful people. The tottering patriarch, the romping children, the women of advanced age and those younger in years, with but few, if any, men of a healthy development, may be seen there in their unfortunate state of mental anguish, lamenting over the calamity which has driven them from their homes. These people are, however, too jubilant to allow even their present afflictions to reduce them to despair, but with a faith in the providence of God not surpassed by any race, they look beyond the dark clouds of the present. They even smile in their misfortunes, and trust God that He will deliver them out of all their sorrows and troubles. The patience and forbearance of this people, in view of the afflictions through which they have passed, and the uncomplaining manner in which they submit to calamities of every character, are excellent traits, which, till recently, were never appreciated or recognized.—*Phila. Press.*

WORK FOR THE CONTRABANDS.

The following order was recently issued and put in force:

HEADQUARTERS NORTHERN DEPARTMENT,
COLUMBUS, Ohio, July 23, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 142.—It having been brought to the notice of the Commanding-General that large numbers of contrabands are reporting from day to day to the military authorities at Covington and Newport, Ky., asking for employment and protection, and who, being under eighteen or over forty-five years of age, or for some physical disability, are unfit for military service; now, therefore, it is ordered that all such persons as are able to perform profitable labor for the government in any of the different departments, and whose services are needed, shall not be delivered up or returned to their masters, but shall be given employment in such different departments as require their services, at fair wages. When masters make claim to any of this class of persons, certificates shall be given by the officer having these persons so employed, showing that such person or persons are so held and employed by the government, after it has been conclusively shown by the claimant that he is entitled to the services of the persons claimed.

By command of Maj.-Gen. HEINTZLEMAN.
C. H. POTTER, A. A. G.

CASE OF GEN. WILD.

The proceedings in the case of Brig.-Gen. E. A. Wild, who was tried by court-martial for disobedience of orders, convened by order of Gen. Baldy Smith, have been submitted to Gen. Butler and disapproved. It appears that prior to the sitting of the court, Butler had issued an order requiring that a majority of a court convened to try officers commanding colored troops should be composed of a like class of officers. In this case the composition of the court did not comply with that order. The Commanding General, however, upon the merits of the case, announced that Gen. Wild should be released from arrest and returned to duty.

PAY OF COLORED SOLDIERS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7, 1864.

The War Department has issued an order in the case of colored soldiers, which directs that all enlisted freed on or before April 19, 1861, shall be mustered for pay accordingly, and be paid the difference between the amount heretofore received and the full pay allowed white soldiers during the same period; the question of freedom to be ascertained by the oath of the soldier, taken in connection with such other trustworthy information as can be obtained. This order is issued under provision of act of Congress approved July 4, 1864.

REORGANIZATION AND ENLISTMENTS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF WEST MISSISSIPPI,
NEW ORLEANS, July 28, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 29.—Upon the representation of the Major-General Commanding the Department of the Gulf, General Orders No. 17, of the 17th inst., is so far modified as to suspend, with the exceptions hereinafter indicated, the consolidation of the regiments of Corps d'Afrique, until the 31st of August proximo.

1. The Seventy-ninth, Eighty-third, Eighty-eighth and Ninetieth regiments, Corps d'Afrique, will immediately be broken up, and the enlisted men distributed among the remaining regiments of that organization. The medical officers will be assigned, as far as there may be vacancies of the respective grades, to the retained regiments; and the supernumeraries, if there should be any, will be retained in the service until further orders. The other commissioned officers will at once be mustered out of service; but such of them as may desire it, will be examined, and if approved, will be appointed with their original date, to any vacancies that exist or may occur in the retained regiments.

2. Measures will immediately be taken by the Commander of the Department of the Gulf, under such regulations as he may establish, to fill up the retained regiments by colored laborers from the plantations in this department.

3. The organization of the retained regiments will be the maximum prescribed by the instructions from the War Department, but, under the circumstances of the case, the enlisted men transferred from the disbanded regiments, and the recruits obtained from the colored laborers on the plantations, will be distributed so as to equalize the strength of the retained regiments, and any further consolidation of these regiments that may be necessary will be determined on the 31st proximo.

4. In order to facilitate the examination of the officers of these regiments, the instructions given in General Orders No. 17 are so modified that the field officers will be examined by a Board of Officers, to be assembled in this city; and the company and regimental staff officers by a board composed of at least two field officers of the regiment who have been examined and approved, and a medical officer. It is expected that these examinations will be completed, and the organization of the regiments effected by the 31st of August.

The commander of the Department of the Gulf will take the necessary measures to give effect to this order.

By order of Major-Gen. E. R. S. CANBY.
C. T. Christensen, Major and Asst. Adjt. Gen.

Summary.

On Saturday, July 23, Mr. Reedy, father-in-law of John Morgan, and formerly the representative in Congress from Tennessee, took the amnesty oath. He has been the head of all the rebels in Murfreesboro, who seemed to move under his guidance. He said he "regarded the Southern Confederacy a failure, and though once honest in its support, would now gladly return to the old government."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA ADOPTED.—Pennsylvania has voted, by a majority of more than 90,000, to adopt the proposed amendments to the State Constitution. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* says there is a majority of 88,000 on the first amendment, permitting soldiers to vote, and several Counties have not been heard from.

COMING NORTH.—About fifty colored women and children from Gen. Butler's Department, for whom domestic situations in the North had previously been secured, arrived on Saturday (Aug. 6) at the rooms of the Freedmen's Association in Brooklyn, where they were provided with temporary accommodations. A number of others of this class of persons will be received by this Society from the same locality from time to time, as new homes shall be provided for them.—*Tribune.*

GEN. DIX'S CASE.—In the Court of General Sessions on Saturday morning (Aug. 6) Judge Russell rendered his decision in the case of Gen. Dix and his officers, who were charged with kidnapping the editor of *The Journal of Commerce*, and inciting a riot by sending an armed force into the offices of *The Journal of Commerce* and *The World*. He decided that there was sufficient cause to hold the accused, and that the case, like any other criminal complaint, must be submitted to the Grand Jury.

Saratoga, Aug. 6.—Robert Lincoln, the President's son, is here, and it is related of him, by way of showing that he is a chip of the old block, that when somebody asked him if he was a relative of the President, he answered, "Distant; about four hundred miles!" The smallest approach to a witty remark goes for a great deal in Saratoga in the Summer season. I have heard this story six times in two days. The young gentleman is just out of Harvard College, and is a polite and popular youth.—*Cor. Eve. Post.*

A HARD RUN ON BANKS.—A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* has been furnished with the following dispatch, and "is assured, on the best authority," that it is genuine:

ADJUTANT INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, May 21.

Special Order No. 234.

Owing to the inestimable service rendered the Confederate States by Major-Gen. N. P. Banks, U. S. A., all officers and men in the service of the Confederacy are hereby prohibited from harming a hair of his head, and are especially ordered, under all circumstances, to allow him to escape. By order, S. COOPER,
Adjutant Inspector-General.

THE MARYLAND CONVENTION.—The Constitutional Convention rebels of our State tried on Saturday to exclude negroes and free mulattoes from immigration into and residence in Maryland, but they were voted down three to one. They then tried to get power granted to the Legislature to preserve title to their slaves, but there they were defeated also. They next essayed to get a protest entered on the journal of the thirty-five secessionists in the Convention against the recent orders of that body in favor of confiscation of the property of rebels, and their banishment from the State, but they were denied the privilege by a strictly loyal vote. The object of the Abolitionists in confining the basis of representation to the whites, I learn, is to cut down the political power of the slave counties and break up the monopoly of landed estates.—*Balt. Cor. Eve. Post.*

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—David Culver of Lyme, N. H., has recently made a very munificent proposition to the New Hampshire Legislature, offering a valuable farm of four hundred acres, with buildings, valuable quarry and water power, together with $6,000 in cash funds, to aid in the erection of additional buildings, and apparatus for the practical operation of the Agricultural College and Experimental Farm, upon the conditions that the State shall accept the same, in trust, for such objects, and shall associate and employ with this donation the funds received from the United States toward the endowment of the Institution. Measures are being taken to unite this scheme for the benefit of orphans with the Congressional grant to Massachusetts, and the Experimental Farm about to be established at Amherst.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

A CONTRABAND'S IDEA OF THE WAR.—One of our prominent business men—a thorough loyalist by the way—while waiting for the cars at a railroad station a few miles out of town, spied a young man of the genus "contraband," lounging under a shed. Thinking him a good type of his class, our friend employed the time in getting his notions of the war. The following colloquy ensued:

"Well, boy, where do you hail from?"

"Why, boss, when I'm at home, I live out in Michigan."

"What are the folks in Michigan doing these times? Or, have they all gone to the war?"

"No, not all ob 'em. Some of dem hab gone to the war, and some stay at home."

"Well, now, what do you think this war is about? What are they fighting for so much down South?"

With that expression of eye which only a "contraband" can exhibit, accompanied by a peculiar nervous twitching of the lips, he answered:

"Why, down South, dar dey want the colored people to hoe corn, and do all kinds ob work for nuthing, and our folks North here want 'em paid for it like white people. So dey's got fighting about it, I 'spose."

GEN. GRANT AS A STEVEDORE.—A Petersburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says, a few days since Gen. Grant was walking around the docks at City Point, when he stopped to see some negroes roll a barrel of bacon on board of a boat. The negroes were unable to move it, when a crusty lieutenant, who stood near, dressed in his fine blue clothes, shouted, "You d—d niggers, push harder, or go get another man to help you." Without saying a word, Gen. Grant pulled up his sleeves and helped the negroes roll the barrel on the boat; then he drew his silk handkerchief from his pocket and wiping his hands, moved quickly away. You may imagine how this *Second* Lieutenant felt when he was told that the stevedore was no less than the Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies. The General was dressed in coarse homespun, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and one of the most unpretending-looking personages one could imagine.

SARATOGA is not crowded. There is no jostling for a glass of the sparkling morning "tipple" at the Congress Spring. Nor does there seem to be such a craze for dressing, dancing, and diamonds as last season. People are sobered somewhat; for this let us be thankful. Croakers abound, however, and I fear there is no small number of "peace-at-any-price" men, and even of sympathizers with slavery and secessia. Those model patriots, Seymour and Fernando Wood, are here. Was not the field-consuming *drought* enough for Saratoga? There are other men here, too, who have so long lain in embrace with slavery that even the putrid breath of the dying harlot does not seem to drive them from her side. When Aaron Burr's funeral was held, a humorous clergyman suggested as a text, "By this time he stinketh." Have not the night-watchers in the death-chamber of Southern slavery made this same discovery yet?—*Rev. Theodore Cuyler, in The Independent.*

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.—The St. Louis journals, of Friday, contain verbatim reports of the examination of Mr. Geo. B. Smith. Smith, whose business is that of drygoods clerk, it appears, was Grand Secretary of the so-called Order of American Knights, and instead of having been inveigled into its membership, he seems to have been prominent as a promoter of its doctrines—which doctrines, it is now alleged, contemplate a combination with the rebels of the South to break up the American Union. Smith professes to repent of his fellowship with the Knights, and his professions ought to be of some value. He broke his oath of allegiance to the United States when he joined the Knights. He swore falsely when he took his vows of fidelity to the Order. He perjured himself when he became an informer against his fellows. And now he desires the privilege of forswearing his allegiance as a citizen once again—when some new Order of Knighthood attracts his fancy. Can another such man be found to bring supporting evidence of this great conspiracy?—*Times.*

SLAVERY PERISHING IN KENTUCKY.—There is hardly a farmer in the surrounding Counties but has lost almost every slave he had. One instance alone will suffice—Major Shelby, son of ex-Gov. Shelby. Out of fifty hands all are gone but two, and they are so aged and decrepit, that they are of no account to him whatever; and thus the old gentleman is left, with the heaviest crop in the earth he ever had, with no means of gathering it. One day this week, while riding out on the Georgetown pike, I saw four as pretty white girls as I ever saw on Broadway, dressed in common calico, with straw hats on their heads, all armed with rakes, and bundling up the sheafs to the music of "Coming thro' the Rye." Town and country are all the same. Families are deprived of their female servants, who are either wanted in the field or have run away. Thus the mistresses are obliged to don the white apron and do the cooking and other menial duties, which three years ago they would never have dreamed they could do. At the Phoenix and Broadway hotels, the proprietors have been obliged, from the scarcity of help, to go over into Ohio and hire white girls to wait on the table, make beds, etc.—*Lexington (Ky.) Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.—*Cleveland (O.), Aug.* 3.—The revelations of the Northwest conspiracy have taken many by surprise. The disclosures in St. Louis and Indianapolis are of such a nature as to stamp them as authentic. I have known for more than a year of the existence of such a conspiracy, but never suspected its magnitude. In May of last year an inkling of the matter was given me in St. Louis, with a request that I would not then make it public. My informant and myself looked upon it as a Quixotic affair, hardly worth attention, and after a short time it passed from consideration, and was forgotten until a few weeks since. The rapidity and extent of its growth are sufficient to show the determined character of its managers, and the necessity for breaking up their schemes. At the time I first learned of its existence, the institution was without a name, except as a branch of the K. G. C's., latterly the title of Order of American Knights was given to it, and by this it is known among the members. A meeting is appointed in Chicago for the 27th inst., two days before the Convention, to which none but those in the higher degrees can be admitted. The disclosures now made will probably prevent the session, though this is by no means a certainty. There is considerable activity among the Knights and their friends now at Niagara Falls, Windsor, and other places in Canada. Some mischief is brewing, and it will take something more than an exposure to break up the institution. The snake is scotched, not killed.—*Phil. Press.*

THE BIBLE PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN by the colored people of Baltimore, and which cost $580.75, is thus described in *The Anglo-African*: It is of the usual pulpit size, and is bound in (what we would take to be) violet colored silk velvet. The corners are bound with solid massive gold bands, carved, and upon a plate, which is also gold not less than one-fourth of an inch thick; on the left-hand cover are two images, representing the President in a cotton-field in the act of knocking the shackles off of the wrists of a slave who is holding one hand aloft as though invoking the blessings of God upon his benefactor. Near the feet of the freedman lies a scroll, upon which is seen the word "Emancipation." On the other cover is another gold plate, which bears the following inscription: "To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, the friend of universal freedom. Presented by the loyal colored people of Baltimore, as a token of respect and gratitude. Baltimore, July 4th, 1864." The case for the book, made of walnut, is silver-mounted and lined with white silk. The book was manufactured in Philadelphia, and mounted by Samuel Kirk of Baltimore.

INTERVIEW OF A CANADIAN EDITOR WITH THE PRESIDENT.—The Editor of the London (Canada) *Free Press*, writing from Washington to his paper, thus describes an interview with Mr. Lincoln:

The President's private room is just over the reception room, and is entered from a sort of square hall, about which there are many waiting rooms for persons seeking audiences with the President. Upon entering this room, I saw persons walking to and fro in waiting. I at once placed in the hands of a messenger my card and letters (previously procured from friends in New York and Cincinnati), to deliver to the President, and, with scarcely a moment's delay, I was ushered into his presence, when he arose and stepped forward in a stooping position, extended his hand and shook mine kindly, but rather loosely, as if he was afraid of hurting it, remarking, at the same time: "I am glad to see you, sir; be seated." I replied: "I am a stranger in the Capital, and have sought an interview with you, Mr. President, and have been much pleased with the easy means of access."

President—Yes; this ready means of access is, I may say, under our form of government, the only link or cord which connects the people with the governing power; and however unprofitable much of it is, it must be kept up. As, for instance, a mother in a distant part, who has a son in the army who is regularly enlisted, but has not served out his time, but has stayed as long as she thinks he ought to stay, will collect together all the little means she can to bring her here to entreat me to grant him his discharge. Of course, I cannot interfere, and can only see her and speak kindly to her. How far is your place from Detroit, sir?

"About one hundred miles East from Detroit. We have no water communication, but have a very nice little inland city. I intend remaining in Washington for a few days; all seems stir and commotion here."

President—Yes, there never was anything in history to equal this.

"Your position must indeed be responsible and trying, President."

"Yes, to think of it, it is very strange that I, a boy, brought up in the woods, and seeing, as it were, but little of the world, should be drifted into the very apex of this great event."

"I read your proclamation of this morning calling for more men; it will, no doubt, be filled up."

President—Yes, sir, it will be filled up.

I then rose, saying: "I thank you, Mr. President, for your kindness and courtesy."

President shakes hands again, and says: "I am most happy to have made your acquaintance."

These words are given exactly as expressed by the President, written down a few moments after they were uttered.

MARRIED.

BEECHER—JOHNSON.—At Jacksonville, Fla., at headquarters of Brig.-Gen. Birney, on the eve of July 18, by Rev. John S. Swaim, Pastor of the M. E. Church, Col. JAMES C. BEECHER, of the 35th U. S. Colored Troops, and FRANCES B., only daughter of Samuel C. Johnson, Esq., of Guilford, Conn.

Special Notices.

AARON M. POWELL will lecture at
Plattsburg, N. Y., Sunday, August 14.
Burlington, Vt., Monday, August 15.
Ferrisburg, Vt., Tuesday, August 16.
Vergennes, Vt., Wednesday, August 17.
Moriah, N. Y., Thursday, August 18.
Athol, N. Y., Friday, August 19.
Glenn Falls, N. Y., Sunday, August 21.
Bellston, N. Y., Tuesday, August 23.

Advertisements.

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It has a straight needle, perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will NEITHER RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is

EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE!

PRICE OF MACHINES, COMPLETE:

No. 1—Family Machine, with Hemmer complete,		$55
" 2—Small Manufact'g, with Extension Table,		70
" 3—Large " " "		80
" 3—Large, for Leather, with rolling foot, etc.,		90

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And others, from card size upwards, have recently been published by J. W. HURN, 1319 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, where duplicates of all can be obtained.

PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.—Fine Photographs, 18 by 13 inches, of Paine's Pen-and-Ink Drawing of the Emancipation proclamation, handsomely illustrated. The original was donated to the Brooklyn Sanitary Fair, and by a subscription of $500 presented to the President of the United States. It is a beautiful and artistic work.

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Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE FREED LAND.

THE land is cleansed! Where'er the sin had left
A footprint or a trace,
Repentant tears rain down upon the dust
And every stain efface.
Open beneath God's look the records lie,
Nor need we blush or fear
To turn their leaves, from which the wrong is crossed,
Beneath His sunshine clear.

In the hot fire of indignant love
All fetters melt and fall,
The least we ask from country and from law
Is Liberty for all.
The ancient prejudice has covered back
Beneath the patriot's blame;
To all who love our country and our flag
We give a brother's name.

Is more atonement needed? We can give
More yet of wealth and gold,
More yet of precious blood, whose worth and price
No words have ever told.
So that our land be cleansed, be pure, be true,
Be righteous in God's sight,
We place no bound, hold back no sacrifice,
Nor shun e'en ruin's night.

Our land is cleansed! Thank God forevermore!
Angels may walk thereon,
Nor stain their robes against a rusty chain,
Nor hush their orison.
And if the graves are thick about their way,
They'd call them shrines for prayer,
Nor turn aside from e'en our battle-fields,
For true hands conquer there.

ELLEN MURRAY.

THE WAR ON DENMARK.

[The following, which we find in the Philadelphia *Press* of July 26, is the most intelligible account of the origin and objects of the present war of Prussia and Austria against Denmark that we have seen.]

THE treaty of 1852, in which the principal contracting parties were England, Russia, and France, was intended to secure to Prince Christian of Glucksbourg, the succession to the crown of Denmark, in the event of King Frederic's dying without a male heir. Russia, which had some pretensions to Holstein-Gottorp, a small duchy then held by Denmark, liberally abandoned them, and Duke Christian of Augustenbourg, who was nearer the Danish throne than Christian of Glucksbourg, but who had opposed the King of Denmark in the war of 1849, and had thereby incurred the penalty of treason, accepted a large sum of money, in consideration of which he agreed, for himself and his heirs, to abandon, for ever, all claim to the crown of Denmark, and particularly to the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig. His eldest son, who now claims these Duchies, as of right, was twenty-three years old when this sale or surrender was made, offered no protest at the time, shared in the condonation of his own and his father's treason, which it gave, participated in the comforts and luxuries which the money gave, and accepted the whole transaction as right and lawful, until last November, when King Frederic of Denmark died, and Prince Christian of Glucksbourg succeeded him on the Europeon guarantee of the Treaty of 1852.

The moment the old King of Denmark was dead, the young Prince of Augustenbourg, evidently carrying out a pre-arranged plan, to which the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha and some other petty German sovereigns were also parties, claimed the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig—carefully ignoring the paternal sale of such claim and his own acquiescence in it during a period of twelve years. The result is known to the world—war carried into Denmark by Prussia and Austria, and non-interference by England, Russia, and France, who also had signed the treaty of 1852, whose express object was to prevent any difficulty on the Danish succession. Not without cause has Mr. Tenniel drawn a cartoon in the last number of *Punch*, entitled "The Promissory Note," which represents King Christian of Denmark presenting John Bull with a promissory note, "London, 1852, on demand we promise"; while Napoleon and the Czar are stealing away out of the counting-house, and Mr. Bull, the note being presented for payment, exclaims: "Now, then, Mr. Koutem and Mounseer Froggy, what are you skulking off for? Your names are to the Note, as well as mine, and you're as much bound to pay your share as I am." This does not tell *all* the truth, however, seeing that England declines interfering for Denmark, unless Copenhagen be bombarded, or the unfortunate King made prisoner.

All things seemed to go well for Prince Frederic of Augustenbourg. Austria and Prussia invaded Denmark on his account. Queen Victoria took his part, against the interests of her daughter-in-law, against the wishes of the British nation. The German Confederation backed up the Pretender. It was proposed to let Denmark off by detaching Holstein and half of Schleswig from it, and giving them to the Prince of Augustenbourg. The unfortunate King of Denmark was willing to make this sacrifice of territory, but the Prince, flushed with ambition and success, refuses to accept half of Schleswig. Most probably, he drives at becoming master of and ruler of the whole of Denmark.

He is beginning to experience the truth of the old saying that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. The grand Duke Nicholas, of Oldenbourg, in whose favor the Czar has now resigned his pretensions to the Duchy of Holstein-Gottorp (a place not as big as one of our smallest Pennsylvania counties, and so insignificant that it is not mentioned in "*Lippincott's Gazetteer*,") has put in a claim against that of the Prince of Augustenbourg, to the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, and will be a formidable opponent should Russia back up his pretensions. Connected in blood with the Imperial family of Russia, the Grand Duke Nicholas of Oldenbourg, now thirty-five years old, is an antagonist not to be despised or disregarded.

To these claimants may be added another, who has suddenly sprang up, a new Jack-in-the box. This is Prince Frederic of Electoral Hesse-Cassell, born in 1832, and resting his pretensions on the family claim to Holstein-Gottorp, and also on his relationship to the late King of Denmark. He is not to be confounded with Prince Louis, nephew of the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. There really are five distinct rulers in Hesse, whose united subjects are considerably under a million. He renounced his claim when the London treaty of 1852 was made, and now resumes it, in consequence of that instrument being declared inoperative.

Here, then, is a prospect of a Triangular Duel—the Princes of Oldenbourg, Hesse, and Augustenbourg blazing away at each other, and the unfortunate King of Denmark, set up in the centre, as a target, at which each of the combatants may occasionally discharge shot. To add to the complicity, we may imagine Russia aiding Oldenbourg, Hesse sustained by Austria, Augustenbourg supported by Prussia, and Denmark *not* assisted by England.

CUTANEOUS TENANTS IN CEYLON.

OUR way lies through the late reaped rice fields. The cattle are now pasturing amongst the stubble, closely attended by the white storks, which relieve them of the ticks and other insects. There is a good deal of mutual accommodation of this kind in Ceylon. It may be seen constantly at noon-day in the native's hut, where, stretched at full length, with dishevelled locks, he reposes his head upon the lap of his tender spouse, while she, kind soul, does the office of the white stork for him. The same benevolent act is sometimes performed by a mother on her infants; it is one of endearment, corresponding to our stroking a child's head. The Buddhist priest—forbidden to take life of any kind, how minute soever, who strains the very water he drinks lest there should be any living creature in it, ignorant of the existence of animalculæ invisible to the eye—how is he to do? He gets over the difficulty by shaving his head, face, and eyebrows, and so steals a march on his enemies. The crows are of great assistance to cows and sheep, and I saw one very earnestly recommending himself to a pig, on whose back he was making strenuous efforts to maintain his seat, but piggy would not be thus assisted on any terms whatsoever. He started off at full gallop, protesting by loud and angry squeaks against being ridden. The crow kept his seat gallantly for some time, but found the paces of a pig rather uncomfortable, so he got off, quoting the following lines from Spencer:

The donghill kind
Delights in filth and fowle incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde;
But let us hence depart whilest wether serves and winde.

And so saying, he tried what could be done with a dog that was looking on hard by. There is one animal in Ceylon that has no feathered friends, and it is not to be wondered at. I mean the jackal; and the manner in which he is said to rid himself of his tormentors was recently related in an interesting paper in one of the local publications. A jackal was, it is said, observed by an old hunter to take up some cocoa-nut fibre in his mouth and proceed to the water, where, wading in a short distance, he gradually lowered himself, until at last nothing but the very tip of his snout remained above water. After retaining this position for some time, he suddenly ducked under, leaving the cocoa-nut fibre in the water, and made for the shore. The old hunter had been watching his actions with much curiosity for some time, unable to make out what his customer was after, but quite prepared to find it was something very deep. When he had left, the man examined the piece of cocoa-nut fibre, when the object of the jackal was at once apparent. His disagreeable tenants had, as he sunk in the water, gradually wended their way towards his snout. Thence they had, poor deluded victims of misplaced confidence, taken refuge in the cocoa-nut fibre, and soon they were left to the mercy of the fickle elements, while master jackal sloped off with a clean bill of health.—*Once a Week.*

WOMEN AND WORK.

From Madame Demorest's Mirror of Fashion.

IT has been the great curse of American women that work—work for a living—was considered dishonorable, and only to be resorted to in cases of the direst necessity. Even then it must be cloaked and hooded, and disguised in all sorts of ways; and, if discovered, apologized for, as if a crime had been committed instead of an honorable effort made to obtain a livelihood. Daughters of poor, hard-working fathers and mothers have been taught to look upon labor as a disgrace, and encouraged to a life of idleness, which has often borne bitter fruits, while the children of parents "well-to-do," but who, perhaps have risen from the humblest position, treat with the utmost scorn anything that wears the badge of that toil which won for them the distinction they so arrogantly claim.

With these ideas taken in with their mother's milk, and impressed more or less strongly, day after day, by every word, and look, and comment upon their own state and fortunes, or those of their friends and acquaintances, is it surprising that girls avoid work in every possible way; pride themselves more upon ignorance and incompetency than upon knowlege and efficiency, and look upon occupation of any useful kind as a disagreeable necessity, which they must escape from as soon as possible, by marriage?

It is this absurd prejudice against labor which makes girls eager to rush into matrimony with the first man who makes them an offer, be he who or what he may, which precipitates them, without reflection or thought of consequences, into unions so unhappy that their whole after lives are spent in unavailing repentance and remorse. It is this which fills our streets with the wretched daughters of shame, which desolates happy homes, and if it does not urge to crime, does to pitiful meanness, humiliating subterfuge, and constant effort to seem to be what they are not.

Thus it happens that in no department of business can competent women be found to fulfil the duties as required. Only the extremest necessity will induce them, as we have said, to obtain employment, and then, ignorant though they may be, they imagine themselves conferring a favor, and expect wages that can only be paid to the most experienced persons. Any business, by which a livelihood can be obtained, requires industry and application, as well as some natural ability, before it can be mastered, but this is rarely thought of by girls or women who seek employment. They will apply for positions, of the duties of which they are totally ignorant, vaguely supposing that they shall learn somehow, and quite satisfied if they succeed in getting their pay. Many young women, indeed, make a merit of never having been "obliged to work," evidently supposing that the mistress of a large establishment will consider herself honored by the possibility of adding to her corps so distinguished a person, and offer increased pay in consequence.

Feeling no respect for their calling, and determined to escape from it at the first opportunity, girls rarely acquire that proficiency which is only the result and reward of devotion to and honest pride in any profession. Where such cases occur, and of course they are to be found occasionally, they are sure of appreciation, and substantial encouragement, especially if united to integrity of purpose.

Take a large dress-making establishment, and imagine how much more profitable a dozen swift, competent, well-paid hands will be, than twice the number of slow, ignorant, ill-paid ones, whose work has to be carefully prepared, and half taken out, and who cannot be relied upon for anything but their blunders.

The person to blame, and the primary cause of all the difficulty is the mother, who teaches her daughter nothing useful at home, but impresses upon her, both by precept and example, that labor is a disgrace, from the humiliation of which a husband will secure her. Such ideas undoubtedly assist greatly to render her a suitable wife for a poor man.

There is a promise for the future, however, in the fact that fathers have begun to take the matter in hand. Heretofore the education and management of daughters have been left almost wholly to the mother who has generally succeeded in rendering them as nearly useless to themselves and others as it is possible to be. But the recent terrible fluctuations, and the sharp lessons taught by the war, have roused sensible men to action; they feel that they are risking too much in allowing their daughters' present and future welfare to be sacrificed on the altar of conventional pride, and a most puerile and disgraceful vanity. Matrimony is no longer a certain resort to young women, and if even they do secure husbands, the chances and changes are such, that it is not at all unlikely they may be compelled to rely upon themselves for support.

Under these circumstances, many men of highly respectable social position have wisely determined to place the means of independence in their daughters' hands, by putting them where they will thoroughly learn a trade, not necessarily as a profession, but as a means of usefulness, and a resource in case of an emergency. This will dignify female labor, by bringing an intelligent and educated class of laborers into the field; and this is precisely what is needed. A thousand different employments are open to women, if they were only competent to fill them, and felt pride instead of shame in their own honest endeavors.

The time is coming when, if our young women do not accept and ennoble labor by their hearty recognition of its claims and requirements, it will be forced upon them under much more humiliating and discouraging circumstances. Every young girl, be she rich or be she poor, ought to have the means of livelihood put into her hands, in addition to a thorough training in all household duties.

Thousands of mothers will say, "Oh! this is impossible, my daughter is already over-burdened with school duties; I hate to ask her to hem a pocket-handkerchief, or do the smallest thing on account of her time being so occupied. Yet we dare to say, she finds plenty of leisure for parties, and concerts, and amusements of every description, and if not, there is no reason why she should be crammed at school, to the exclusion of other things much more useful. Until sixteen is sufficient time for any girl of ordinary intelligence to go to school; the following two years should be spent, one in practically studying housekeeping at home, the other in obtaining a trade or profession as a means of livelihood. This would quickly remove all the prejudices which exist in the minds of ignorant people against work for women.

HOME DISCORDS.—Everybody says what excellent parents they are and what a happy home their children must have! How can the young people weary of it for a moment? How can Mary, a charming, well-educated, and perhaps very clever young woman desire any other companion than her mother? Of course a mother is the best and closest companion for every girl. Most true, but not "of course," nor in virtue of the mere accident of motherhood. Sympathy comes by instinct, and confidence must be, not exacted, but won. Mary may have the strongest filial regard for that dear and good woman, to whom she owes, and is ready to pay, every duty that a daughter ought, and yet be inwardly conscious that nature has made the two so different in tastes, feelings, disposition, that if she were to open her heart to her, her mother would not understand her in the least. Not to speak of the difference of age, greater or less, and the not unnatural way in which elderly people who do not retain youthfulness of heart, as happily many do to the last day of life, grow out of sympathy with the young. But Providence having constituted these two mother and daughter, they must get on together somehow. And so they do. Though Mary in her secret soul may writhe sometimes, she loves mamma very dearly, and would love her better still if she would only let her alone to follow her own tastes in any lawful way. But this mamma cannot do. She is like the goose with the young cygnet, always pitying herself that her child is so unlike other people's children, wearing the girl's life out with endless complaints and impossible exactions, until at last Mary sinks into passive indifference, or bitter old-maidism, or plunges into reckless marriage—anything, anywhere, only to get away from home.

John's case is not so hard, in one sense, he being a man, and Mary only a woman, but it is far more dangerous. She may be made merely wretched; he wicked, by this narrow, vexatious rule. Why should John, who is only three-and-twenty, presume to hold a different opinion on politics, religion, or aught else, from his father? Papa is the older, and of course, knows best; papa has had every opportunity of forming his judgment on every subject; and he has formed it, and there it is, carefully cut and dried easy and comfortable, without any of those doubts which are the torture and yet the life of all ardent, youthful spirits. There it is, and John must abide by it, hold his tongue, and take his obnoxious newspapers and heterodox books out of the way; which John, being a lover of peace, and trained to honorable obedience, very likely does; but he cherishes either a private contempt—we are so scornful when we are young!—or an angry rebellion against the narrow-mindedness that would compel him into his father's way of thinking, simply because it is his father's. Be the lad ever so good, a lurking sense of injustice cannot fail to chafe him, and injustice is one of the most fatal elements that, at any age, can come into the sacred relation between parent and child.—*All the Year Round.*

SAFE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

AH, she was not an angel to adore,
She was not perfect—she was only this:
A woman to be prattled to, to kiss,
To praise with all sweet praises, and before
Whose face you were never ashamed to lay
The affections of your pride away.

I have kept Fancy travelling to and fro
Full many an hour, to find what name was best,
If there was any sweeter than the rest,
That I might call my darling so;
And this of woman seems to me the sweetest,
The finest, the most gracious, the completest.

The dust she wore about her I agree
Was poor and sickly, even to make you sad,
But this sad world we live in never had
An ornament more excellent than she;
The earthy dress was all so frail that you
Could see the beauteous spirit shining through.

Not what she was, but what she was to me,
Is what I fain would tell—from her was drawn
The softness of the eve, the light of dawn;
With her and for her I could only see
What things were sweet, and sensible, and pure;
Now all is dull, slow guessing, nothing sure.

My sorrow with this comfort yet is stilled:
I do not dread to hear the Winter stir
His wild winds up—I have no fear for her;
And all my love could never hope to build
A place so sweet beneath heaven's arch of blue
As she by death has been elected to.

THE FREEDMEN IN LOUISIANA.

CAMP OF N. Y. VOL. CAV. (SCOTT'S 900),
MANNING'S PLANTATION, ASCENSION
DISTRICT, LA., June 24, 1864.

* * * * * *

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

I AM a constant witness of the barbarising effects of slavery. By the testimony of both slaves and overseers, the average length of life of a healthy, able-bodied slave is from four to five years. The lessees work their plantations both night and day when they are getting in a crop of cane or cotton. Sundays are not excepted, and they do not suffer their mills to stop an hour, as they claim that for every hour thus lost when making sugar they suffer a loss of $500.

To see the corruption which is gradually creeping into this Department, under the management of Banks, is painful in the extreme to one who is anxious to see the spirit of the Freedom proclamation carried out to its fullest extent. There is hardly any chance for a slave (?) to gain redress for wrongs committed by the lessees of the government plantations. The Provost-Marshals and lessees are linked together in the scheme to defraud the negro. I have witnessed the disposition to rob him in many ways. The manager of this plantation agrees to pay the negroes under him $5 per month, and give them abundant allowances of corn meal and bacon, with other articles of food. When paying them off the other day, he would say to this one that he had not hoed his cotton well, and to another that he was not quick enough in getting out in the morning, and to another that his or her mules (for the women work here with hardly better clothing on them than a South Sea Islander) were not promptly on the spot when the sun rose in the East, and so on through the whole list of three or four hundred hands, giving to some 50 cents! to others $1! and so on up to $3, and very seldom indeed overrunning the last amount. Will not God's curse follow such imposition? His displeasure is already manifest. This overseer or lessee calculated to make $250,000 from this plantation this year, if he could have twelve hours' steady rain. This was when it was very dry and everything was languishing for the want of water. Rain came to gladden his heart, and his restless hand seemed to feel already the ill-gotten thousands soothing his palms, when it not only rained to satisfy his most ardent wish, but it continued to rain so much, and *still continues* every day, as to prevent them from working, and thus the grass has gained upon them, and threatens to choke and destroy most of the cotton crop. He is now fearful that all will slip from him unless he concentrates his labor upon a small portion, and, though he was so avaricious as to deny the negroes any land for their own working when he was planting, he is now glad to give out a great many acres to work *ostensibly* for their own profit; but when they come to gather their crops, I am afraid the lion's share will come out of these lots set aside for the hands, and which they work nights and Sundays in order to make a little for themselves. The cry of the oppressed goeth up to the Lord, "How long, O Lord, how long," and still the oppressor fattens upon the labors of the helpless. But there is a more revolting picture still to look upon. Disgrace of disgraces, when a Union and Northern soldier will help to tie up and gag a helpless negro woman, and, after doing this, whip and kick her naked body. When I was on guard, I came across the very woman who, the Sunday previous, had received this treatment. The picket post is on Orange Grove Plantation, about three miles from here. The woman was so bruised that she could hardly speak to me. They did not dare to tell me the cause of her condition, and I did not suspect the truth until I was confidentially told it by the cook of the overseer. But she implored me not to tell of this, or they would all be whipped. There is one of the 2d Louisiana Cavalry detailed to see that the negroes work on the Orange Grove Plantation. I would here remark that all the cavalry and infantry that are raised in this section are rebels at heart, and are simply sent to "spy out the land," or their disposition is to escape the severity of the rebel army, and suck what they can from the treasury of Uncle Sam. They are permitted to do duty around New Orleans, and are detached on plantations in the capacity of "nigger-drivers." Such a person is detailed on the Orange Grove Plantation, and was the one who strung up the poor negro woman, when one of *our* pickets, a kindred spirit, volunteered his aid, and helped in the hellish work. Such is the effect of Seymour-teaching in the Sixth Ward, New York. If I can ascertain who perpetrated this disgraceful act, I shall enter a written complaint of the affair. When I was on guard duty, I kept sharp watch of the Louisiana Sergeant, and had I seen any of his domineering spirit, I should have cut him down and taken the consequences. These Louisiana recruits are rebels at heart, and cannot be trusted. They should be recruited here and sent to the Army of the Potomac or the Cumberland. Rain falls here every day, and it very much interferes with our scouting and bushwhacking. We use the same mode to hunt the guerillas as they use against us. They shoot us without halting us, and we secrete our men and fire on them without any warning. It has in a great measure abated the nuisance.

THE FIRST DAY OF FREEDOM.

WE crossed the Pamunkey and halted upon the southern bank. I found a deserted house, and appropriated a room for the night. During the day the provost guard came with several hundred colored people of both sexes and all ages. It was the Sabbath day—bright, clear, calm, delightful.

"Will it disturb you if we have a little singing?" It was the request of a middle-aged woman. "You see we feel so happy to-day that we would like to praise the Lord."

"Not in the least. On the contrary, I should like to hear you."

In a few moments there was a crowd assembled in one of the large rooms. A stout young man, black, bright-eyed, thick-wooled, running over with ecstasy, took the centre of the room. The women and girls, dressed in their best clothes, which they had put on to make their exodus from bondage in the best possible manner, stood in circles round him.

The young man began to dance. It was not a movement regulated by rhythm, but a shuffle. He jumped up, clapped his hands, slapped his thighs, whirled round, stamped upon the floor.

"Sisters, let us bless the Lord. Sisters, join in the chorus," he said, and led off with a kind of recitative improvised, as the excitement and ectasy gave him utterance. From my note-book I select a few lines:

Recitative—We are going to the other side of Jordan,
Chorus—So glad! so glad!
Bless the Lord for freedom,
So glad! so glad!
We are going on our way,
So glad! so glad!
To the other side of Jordan,
So glad! so glad!
Sisters, won't you follow?
So glad! so glad!
Brothers, won't you follow?

And so it went on for a half hour, without cessation, all dancing, clapping their hands, tossing their heads. It was the ecstasy of action. It was a joy not to be uttered, but demonstrated. The old house partook of their ecstasy. It rang with their jubilant shouts, and shook in all its joints.

I stood an interested spectator. One woman, well-dressed, intelligent, refined in her deportment, modest in all her manners, said, "It is one way in which we worship, sir. It is our first day of freedom."

The first day of freedom! Behind her were years of suffering, hardship, of unrequited toil, of heart-aches, darkness, no hope of recompense or of light in this life, but an unchanging and changeless lot. Death, aforetime, alone was their deliverer. For them there was hope only in the grave. But suddenly the light had shined. Hope had come. It had advanced from eternity into time. They need not wait for the grave; in life they could be free. Is it a wonder they gave extravagant exhibition of joy?—*C. C. Coffin, in Watchman and Reflector.*

ARROGANCE OF THEOLOGIANS.

THE arrogance of theology in contrast with the humility of sacred Scripture is very striking. The spirit of theology for two thousand years has been minute, positive, and dogmatic. You are not to understand me as finding fault with the existence of theology. It is essential that every man should have a theology. Because no man thinks without having a theology; and a man that does not think is not a man. It is not because men form theologies that I complain, but because they assume not only that those theologies contain some truth, but that they contain *the* truth. There are men who assume that the Bible is sufficient alone to teach us a knowledge of God. It teaches us some things about God; or, rather, it teaches us a little way about some things; but it does not teach us enough of God to justify us in framing a doctrine about him. It teaches us that he is supreme, and true, and loving; but how much do you know of God when you have learned those things? Take, for instance, the doctrine of love, with all its combinations and affiliations and relations. How little do you know of this element, unless you are familiar with these things? "But," you will say, "the Bible teaches us the existence of a moral government." It does teach us the *existence* of a moral government; but it does not teach us any such view of that moral government as we find in the theologies.

Now, a man has the liberty to frame a theory of God, if he will say, "I am ignorant and weak and fallible, and any theory that I can frame must of necessity be founded on partialisms." If theologies are humble, every man has a right to have one, and one of his own. And if every man was accustomed to think, and then was honest enough to tell exactly what he thought, no man would have a theology that was any more like another man's than his nose, or his mouth, or his eye, was like that other man's. There would be some minor distinctions. As far as men think differently, they differ from one another in real, though not important, points of theology. But the theology of the church for eighteen hundred years has been to all intents and purposes a rod of iron; and it has assumed to include in its creed the great substantial verities of religion. Not only that, it has assumed the right to demand belief and obedience. And not only that, it has had its special mode of punishing dissent. Each sect have erected their throne, and have demanded, just as strongly as if there had not been numerous other sects in the world doing the same thing, that men should accept their symbols and doctrines, and believe them, from A to Z, or be punished. In olden times, you know, they punished conclusively. If they could not convince a man, they stoned him, and chained him, and imprisoned him, and burned him. That was a very convenient method of settling theological differences. A little later they spared the man, but took his property, and excluded him from society. That was a great humanity, it was thought. We refine on that. We do not take a man's property, because we are proud to say that we live in an age of enlightenment, and that we have freedom of conscience; but we persecute just as much for theological reasons as they did anterior to the Reformation, only we do it more exquisitely. We do not take away a man's liberty of thought; but we teach our children that the word *Universalist* means everything that the word *devil* means. When a man differs from us on theology, we point him out to our children, and say, "That is a Universalist!" Forty red dragons in the child's imagination are not more terrible than that word *Universalist*, and it shrinks from the man. Is there to be a gathering of children? His children must be excluded. They must not walk in the street with our children. And so, by an exquisite process of social torture, we punish men as severely for their opinions now as they did in former periods. The Church now as much as ever chastises men—not for departure from morality, not for obliquities of disposition, but for intellectual aberrations from its creed.

Now, I do not claim that because a man holds a creed, that creed is sacred from attack. I have a right to attack it intellectually, and to show that the foundations of it are insecure, and that he has reasoned wrong. I have a right to pour a flood of argument upon Unitarianism, and Universalism, and Catholicism, if I deem it expedient. I have a right to pursue the Baptist, the Methodist, or the Episcopalian with reasonings, if I think it wise; and it is not persecution to argue, or to reason; but when I go beyond this, and instead of applying arguments and reasonings to a man's belief, prejudice the community against him, so that he finds himself cut off from those around about him, finds his life less comfortable, and finds himself burdened and almost shut out from enjoyment, then I am without excuse. You do punish a man for his belief under such circumstances. And the arrogancy of theology is not purged out of the Church and the world. And as it has been for eighteen hundred years, so it is now. While the Bible says, "We know in part," theology says, "I know perfectly; and if you do not know just as I do, I will punish you."—*H. W. Beecher, Sermon in the Independent.*

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I.

O, GOD! our way through darkness leads,
But Thine is living light;
Teach us to feel that Day succeeds
To each slow-wearing Night;
Make us to know, though Pain and Woe
Beset our mortal lives,
That Ill at last in death lies low,
And only Good survives.

II.

Too long th' oppressor's iron heel
The saintly brow has pressed;
Too oft the tyrant's murd'rous steel
Has pierced the guiltless breast;
Yet in our souls the seed shall lie,
Till Thou shall bid it thrive,
Of steadfast faith that Wrong shall die,
And only Right survive.

III.

We walk in shadow! thickest walls
Do man from man divide;
Our brothers spurn our tenderest calls,
Our holiest aims deride:
Yet though fell Craft, with fiendish thought,
Its subtle web contrives,
Still Falsehood's textures shrink to naught,
And only Truth survives.

IV.

Wrath clouds our sky; War lifts on high
His flag of crimson stain;
Each monstrous birth o'erspreads the earth
In Battle's gory train;
Yet still we trust in God the Just,
Still keep our faith alive,
That, 'neath Thine eye all Hate shall die,
And only Love survive.

New York, May 1, 1864.

CORN HUSK PAPER.—Now that paper has reached such an enormously high figure, the question of some other material than rags for making it assumes new and fresh importance. Many substitutes have been tried, but none of them have seemed to fully answer the desired purpose, and a name and a fortune still await him who invents or finds a material that will make good and cheap paper, and which will take in every respect the place of that now made of rags. The Austrian government has been experimenting for some time on paper made from corn husks, and has succeeded beyond the fondest expectation. Isaac Newton, the commissioner of agriculture at Washington, has just received some specimens of this paper, which excite the surprise of all who have seen it. There is paper equal to the finest linen paper, beautiful specimens of colored paper, and tissue paper very light and transparent, and other kinds of useful and ornamental paper, in all some sixty samples, all of it equal to paper made from rags, and apparently of greater durability. But the paper does not use up all the material of the husks. After the paper pulp is extracted, the stouter fibres are uninjured, and these are easily woven into a coarse and strong cloth or crash, and, besides, the starch of the husk is all saved, pressed into square cakes, and afterwards ground into flour, from which bread has been made. The Austrian experiments have been going on since late in 1862, and that the manufacture has proved profitable is showed by the fact that an expenditure of 273,730 florins has yielded a net profit of 105,260 florins, exclusive of rent and the use of the capital employed. The manufacture of this paper in Austria thus seems to pay, and the Austrian government is fast putting this paper on the market, in competition with paper made from rags. Whether it would pay in this country or not, is not certain, husks being already worth from 6 to 8 cents a pound for filling mattrasses, and if brought forward as a substitute for rags, the price would immediately go up. But the matter is worthy the careful attention of manufacturers, and if the manufacture of corn husk paper would not be profitable now, the invention of new machinery and processes might make it so. One thing is certain, a good and cheap substitute for rags has yet to be found, or newspapers and books will soon be beyond the reach of common folks.

GONE IN BATTLE.

B. B. C.

FOUR weeks ago, with boding eyes
And bated breath, and prescient pain,
I watched you, 'neath May's tender skies,
March grandly to the great campaign.
You murmured, "Battles must be fought—
To God and country all I give;
The fate of men! it matters naught,
The great republic still shall live."

Your last discharge, ah, swift it came!
Released upon the crimson sod,
'Mid shock of shell and battle-flame,
Your glorious soul went back to God.
Four little weeks ago, and then
How gay, how eager for the fight;
Four weeks of war and woe, and now
I call in vain through dark or light.

Four little weeks! The rip'ning earth
Lies in the Summer's arms of flame;
For you, a ransomed seraph's birth;
For us, "a memory and a name,"
Your name, who walked with men a king,
So brave, so beautiful, so strong;
Linked with all fair and lovely things,
With music, poetry, and song.
The world is poorer since you went,
Somewhat of gladness from the air,
Of glory from the firmament,
Of beauty—I miss everywhere.

And yet I may not, dare not say,
God's summoning angel came too soon;
Ere morn's first dew exhaled away,
Before the splendor of the noon,
Promotion came, Heaven's best brevet,
The Christian's crown. O, not unmeet!
So fair, so young, so loved, and yet
Your life was rounded and complete.

Alas, for those who still must wait,
As if beneath the autumn skies
They'd see your shadow cross the gate,
And meet the radiance of your eyes.
'Twas thus you parted; thus they dream'd
To meet you, manful, debonair;
The fine, rare being love so deemed
Is now a presence in the air.

When red, ripe Autumn bears the earth
From waning Summer's fading arms,
Your soul, arrayed in royal girth,
Redeemed from all War's direful harms,
May wander by the valley's slope,
By native hills to you so fair;
And while your lov'd with sorrow cope,
Enfold them in seraphic care.

O, ye beloved! cease your moan,
For still your lonely day is blest,
He lives, and leaves us not alone,
But guards our waking and our rest.
No whisper thrills the trance of stars,
O, weary silence! still we wait
For death to drop life's blinding bars—
We'll see you at Heaven's open gate.

—*Springfield Republican.* MARY CLEMMER AMES.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

HEBER MARSHALL was fond of his wife, when he could spend time to be. He had fallen violently in love with her graces of mind and body, and had given her no peace until she returned his passion and became his wife. He had called her "enchantress," "sultana," "angel," "darling," "dear, sweet comfort," and all the other names that ardent lovers use; he had knelt before her, begging her favor; he had, in short, expressed, both by word and action, the utmost tenderness and devotion. Ruth, the silly little thing! had actually believed that all this would last. You perceive she was ignorant of hu—*man* nature.

Heber meant, he felt all he said; there was no guile in him. He was ready almost to resign his life if he could not obtain his "delicious" Ruth, as he told her in verse; for he wrote poetry in his paroxysm of love, as 'tis said gentlemen generally do. But when he had secured her, by love and by law, he "eased off." This process went on so rapidly that poor little Ruth was almost heartbroken. Not knowing the nature of man's love, what such a change meant she could not imagine.

"Don't you love me any more, Heber?" she asked one day, having gazed steadfastly at her husband for half an hour as he sat absorbed in a law book. In all that time he had not once turned his eyes on her. When she spoke he looked up. The forlorn, almost despairing expression of Ruth's face struck him as extremely ludicrous. He roared out laughing, dropped his book, and held out his arms—which were instantly filled. One feels foolish writing of love scenes even between husband and wife; we will therefore only say of this one that it set the heart of Ruth at rest for the time.

But Heber was dreadfully full of business. He grew more and more so. He never neglected Ruth for the sake of any other woman, and he never outgrew spasms of the primal order, but the time came when all his wife's entreaties could not gain his company for one evening a week. She learned not often to cry herself into sick headache about it; she learned to take his love on trust; she learned to live almost without him; but she did not and could not learn to be happy so. She could never cease to pine after the early days, the blessed courtship days. Woman has a very hungry heart.

Many women never acquire enough "good sense" to be cheerful and happy apart from sympathy (expressed) and communion, true, deep, constant communion with the men they love. Ruth was one of this sort. A pensive look, a settled paleness and depression stole into her face; her tones became plaintive. Heber often ridiculed her and sometimes chid her for giving way to low spirits. He was vexed when he caught her in tears, and instead of doing anything to console her he told her that he believed she loved to be miserable. "Heaven would never suit *you*," said he. "There is no weeping there—and you wouldn't like to be where you could not cry."

Ruth had been feeling very unwell; she had begged hard for an evening's quiet comfort with her dear husband; but he could not stay away from some meeting or another where women were not allowed. She had been unable to keep back her tears, and the above was what they brought upon her. Heber hastened out, and the feeble, nervous woman sank upon the sofa and finished her weeping. Though a wife and mother, loving and beloved, she was *not* "cherished." She had not for a long time wept so sadly. Next day she was ill of a fever. Not very ill; Heber did not think it necessary to neglect business on her account. So in answer to her appealing look, he only kissed her hot cheek and went from the room. He did not leave the house, having work that he could do in his study. But he was not with his wife an hour all that day. If any one had told him that he was a cruel man he would have resented the charge. He told Ruth every week or two that he loved her exactly as well as ever he did; that *his* motto was "Faithful"; that he *never* changed, etc., etc. What could a woman need more? But he changed at least *once*—changed radically, in feeling, and in his opinion of his own conduct.

"Oh! dear papa, I *wish* you loved poor Ruth enough to *want to stay with her* more than you do." These words were spoken to Heber on the evening of the day she was taken sick, by the wife who never spoke to him again, except in the wanderings of delirium. In a few more days Ruth's eyes had forever done with tears, and the sadness was all cleared from her white, serene face. A pleasant smile rested there, telling that, at last, the deep, yearning soul of the gentle one was satisfied.

Heber, in gazing on the still face, felt his heart breaking. All the past condemned him; he condemned himself; he even thought that he had killed her. The memory of her last words stung him like serpents. He would have given all he possessed could he have had her but one more year to cherish. Heber, it was too late.—*Springfield Republican.*

JACKSON ON SPECULATORS.—Just before President Jackson retired from the presidency, he told Hon. James Guthrie of his characteristic method of dealing with men who undertook to deal improperly with the exigencies of their country. Contractors followed General Jackson's army far into the Indian country, and when the army began to suffer for provisions, some of these dealers began to ask fabulous prices for their provisions. Jackson was at length informed of their extortionate demands, and summoned them before him and attempted an appeal to their patriotism. He found that soil perfectly sterile. At length he ordered a body of officers to appraise the goods, and allow the owners a liberal profit, and then he showed these owners the appraisement. He offered to take their provisions at this appraisement. They refused to sell, and Jackson, determined that his soldiers should not starve, ordered the rations to be distributed, and a faithful account to be kept.

As soon as the owners saw their provisions disappearing, they waited upon Gen. Jackson and agreed to accept his terms. Everything went on until he offered in payment United States Treasury notes. They refused to take them, and demanded gold. Jackson reasoned with them until he found they were inexorable in their demand. He then ordered a file of soldiers to be detailed, two of them with axes, to place the unpatriotic owners on the flatboats on which their goods had been stored. Gen. Jackson said that after he had placed them on the boats, he made what he told them was his last appeal, and at the last moment they consented to take the treasury notes. He paused at this part of the statement until Mr. Guthrie asked him what he intended to do in case of a persistent refusal. The old patriot replied that he "would have ordered the two soldiers armed with axes to cut the cables, and the fellows on board might have floated to hell or Texas, he would not have cared which." He said, "a man who would not trust his country when engaged in war was not fit to live." We heartily say amen to Old Hickory's patriotic sentiment. We regret that he is not here now, to pack unpatriotic currency gamblers on flatboats and float them off to unknown shores.—*Louisville Press.*

DR. BEECHER'S HABITS OF COMPOSITION were peculiar. His social nature was so active that as soon as he had written a sentence which pleased him, he had an irrepressible desire to read it to somebody. Many a time has he rushed into the dining-room, where Aunt Esther was washing dishes—"Here, Esther, hear this." Aunt Esther, with martyr-like patience, would stand, towel in one hand and an unwiped plate in the other—for he must have her undivided attention—till he had read his paragraph and trotted back to his study again. It sometimes seemed as if he would never get a sentence done. He would write and re-write, erase and interline, tear up and begin anew, scratch out and scribble in, almost endlessly. In the latter part of his life this habit became morbid, and actually shut him out from the possibility of publishing his own writings. He was the torment of printers, both by the delay of his manuscript, and by the condition in which they found it when they got it. One of his daughters said there were three negative rules by which she could always read her father's writing, to wit: 1. If there is a letter crossed, it is n't a *t*. 2. If there is a letter dotted, it is n't an *i*. 3. If there is a capital letter, it is n't at the beginning of a word.

At Lane Seminary he lived more than two miles from the city. One time, after the printers had been on tenter-hooks forty-eight hours for their copy, he hastily finished his manuscript in his study, crushed it into the crown of the hat that lay nearest to him, clapped another hat on his head, and drove down to the city, rushed up to the printing-office, and snatched off his hat. "Here's your copy—h'm, h'm— well, if it isn't here, it is somewhere else." The copy was still in the hat that had been left at home. But who could be angry with so much good nature, even if it were a plague?—*Prof. Stowe, in The Congregational Quarterly.*

PHRENOLOGY.—All my life-long I have been in the habit of using Phrenology as that which solves the practical phenomena of life. Not that I regard it as a completed one, but that I regard it as far more useful and far more practical and sensible than any other system of mental philosophy which has yet been evolved. Certainly, Phrenology has introduced mental philosophy to the common people. Hitherto, mental philosophy has been the business of philosophers and metaphysicians—and it has been just about as much business as they needed for their whole lives; but since the day of Phrenology, its nomenclature, its simple and sensible division of the human mind, and its mode of analyzing it, has brought the human mind within reach and comprehension of ordinary common intelligent people. And now, all through the reading part of our land, it may be said that Phrenology is so far diffused that it has become the philosophy of the common people. The learned professions may do what they please, the common people will try these questions, and will carry the day, to say nothing of the fact that all the great material and scientific classes, though they do not concede the truth of Phrenology, are yet digesting it, and making it an integral part of the scientific systems of mental philosophy. Anatomists and physiologists are studying the human body, and the human mind as a part of that body; and they are from step to step deducing philosophies that, if theologians do not choose to read them, the common people will read, and that will subvert many and many a system of theology; not religion, not truth; but the human forms and the human generalizations of religious truth will be subverted, many of them.—*H. W. Beecher.*

CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—We printed, a few days ago, from an Atlanta paper, an account of a mocking bird, which, at the battle of Resaca, perched itself on the top of a tree, and during the fight imitated the whistling of bullets and other noises incident to a battle. Another and a more touching incident of a similar character was yesterday related to us by Captain George Babbitt of Gen. Gresham's staff, and of which he was himself a witness. During the fierce cannonading at Nickajack a small bird came and perched upon the shoulder of an artilleryman—the man designated, we believe, as "No. 1," whose duty it is to run down the charge after the ammunition is put in the gun. The piece was a Napoleon, which makes a very loud report. The bird, as we have stated, perched itself upon this man's shoulder, and could not be driven from its position by the violent motions of the gunner. When the piece was discharged the poor little thing would run its beak and head up under the man's hair at the back of the neck, and when the report died away would resume its place upon his shoulder. Captain Babbitt took the bird in his hand, but when he released his grasp it immediately resumed its place on the shoulder of the smoke-begrimmed gunner. The scene was witnessed by a large number of officers and men. It may be a subject of curious inquiry what instinct led this bird to thus place itself. Possibly frightened at the violent commotion caused by the battle, and not knowing how to escape or where to go, some instinct led it to throw itself upon this gunner as a protector. But, whatever the cause, the incident was a most beautiful and pleasing one to all who witnessed it.—*New Albany Ledger.*

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE.—A recent traveller to the Holy Land informs us that there is at the side of the principal gate of Jerusalem, a small one, which, upon occasions of great urgency, was opened for admission of persons after the great gates of the city were closed for the night. This gate, from its small size, was called the Eye of the Needle; and to get a *camel* through it at all was no small task—for a *loaded* camel to pass was an utter impossibility. With the above fact before the mind, one can see that the words of our Savior, when speaking of the "strait gate" and the "rich man," were more literal than many suppose. And we see how, as the rich man passes into the narrow way, the sides and the low top of the strait gate scrape everything from him in which he had before trusted. No one can take anything but himself through. Far easier is it to strip a camel of its burden, than to divest a rich man of his trust in riches.—*Christian Register.*

MISCEGENATION FROM BLACK TO WHITE.—Two African Negroes, whom Peter the Great had taken into his service, became great personages, and possessed slave estates, both they and their descendants. One of the members of these two families made no scruple of registering as slaves the illegitimate offspring resulting from his forced concubinage. There was, of course, the inconvenience of mixing white serfs with mulattoes, besides that the epidermis betrayed its paternity; but this consideration did not hinder him. This act was related to me by a descendant of the founder of one of these two families—Poulchkine, the most fertile and inspired of all Russian poets.—*Russia and the Russians.*

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